

CHAB
v. 2
no. 2, 8,
11-12
cop. 2

THE CHAP-BOOK.

The UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

LIBRARY

X 05 1

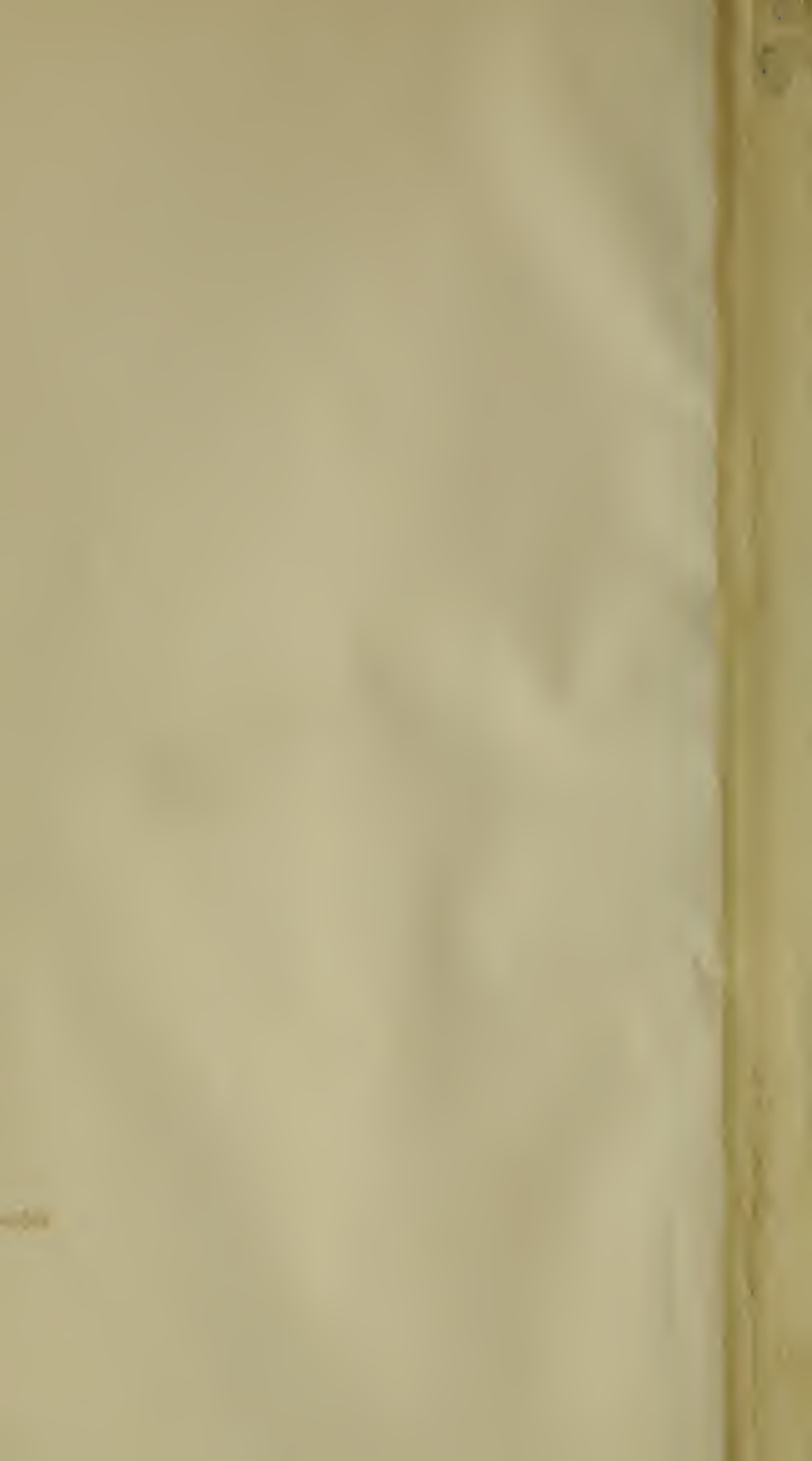
CHAB

v. 2

NO. 2, 8, 11-12

cop. 2

ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY



THE
Chap-Book
SEMI-MONTHLY

Contents for December 1, 1894

RONDEL	L. HERRARD
MR. BRADLEY'S DREAM	HENRY STUART STONE
DRAWINGS	WILL H. BRADLEY
I. INITIAL LETTER VIGNETTE	
II. THE SEAT DANCE	
COVER DESIGN FOR THE INLAND PRINTER	
III. THE BALLET	
COVER DESIGN FOR THE INLAND PRINTER	
IV. THE SEVENTH DANCE	
THE NIGHT WARDENS	WILL CANHAM
THE ABOLITION OF MONEY	J. LANGWILL
CREATION	ELEANOR B. CALDWELL
THE LAND OF THE STRADDLE-BUG	
CHAPTER II.	HAMLIN GARLAND
NOTES	
ANNOUNCEMENTS	

PRICE 5 CENTS

\$1.00 A YEAR

Published by
Stone & Kimball
Chicago

VON HOLST'S

Constitutional and Political History of the United States.

A work unsurpassed and unrivalled in its field. No other so broadly, so fully, or so interestingly with the subject. It is deep and profound; fearless and impartial in its judgments of men and measures.

- Vol. I. 1750-1832. Origin of the Union—State Sovereignty and Slavery.
- Vol. II. 1828-1846. Jackson's Administration.—Annexation of Texas.
- Vol. III. 1846-1850. Annexation of Texas.—Compromise of 1850.
- Vol. IV. 1850-1854. Compromise of 1850.—Kansas-Nebraska Bill.
- Vol. V. 1854-56. Kansas-Nebraska Bill.—Buchanan's Administration.
- Vol. VI. 1856-1859. Buchanan's Election.—End of the 31st Congress.
- Vol. VII. 1859-1861. Harper's Ferry.—Lincoln's Inauguration.
- Vol. VIII. Index and Bibliography.

"A masterpiece as to depth, clearness, impartiality and scope. It seems the testimony of a disinterested witness; one who needs no cross-questioning; one who in the direct narrative omits no important detail."

The set, eight volumes, large octavo, 3560 pages. Index, 300 pages. Prices: Cloth, \$25; Sheep, \$30; Half-Calf, \$35.

CALLAGHAN & CO., Chicago, Ill.

RONDEL

THIS place is as a nether world
 Where Time and Life are conquered kings.
 Each ghostly tree in mist shroud curled,
 Its great gaunt arms in wild mirth flings,
 And in my brain a fancy springs—
 “I, too, am dead—the earth scroll furled—
 This place is as a nether world
 Where Time and Life are conquered kings!”
 There is naught real. The moon is swirled
 In clouds which meet the mist wreath’s rings,
 The mist itself, by ghost winds whirled,
 More real than aught to which it clings.
 This place is as a nether world
 Where Time and Life are conquered kings.

L. HEReward.

MR. BRADLEY’S DRAWINGS.



ONCE upon a time, a stove company gave an artist his own way. The performance was memorable for two reasons. In the first place, it was an unheard of occurrence—for artists are merely slaves in the eyes of a stove company—and secondly, it gave the artist the first opportunity for expressing himself. The result—as might have been guessed—



THE SKIRT DANCE

WILL H. BRADLEY

was a happy one. The artist's work was better than any thing he had done before and the stove company's advertisement was unusually attractive.

That was the beginning—three or four years ago. Since then things have mightily improved. And now, where he is known at all, Mr. Will H. Bradley is recognized as one of the cleverest decorative artists we have.

Unfortunately, in this country, no such attention is paid to the study of decoration as in England; we have no schools like South Kensington and Manchester and the Handicraft Guild, and we have no masters like Housman and Ricketts, Gaskin and Gere, Horne and Image, Morris and Walter Crane.

When, therefore, a man of us does good work and shows a feeling for decoration, his achievements become noteworthy. And on this score, Mr. Bradley is deserving of great praise. A man of slight training, he has come to a prominent place from his splendid sense of the value of black and white. His use of black has always been his strong point; he has massed it deliberately and wisely; his work has been knowing, and it is always self-conscious. It is artistically artificial. It is never accidental.

From the day he made the decorations for the stove company until he drew the pictures reproduced in this number of *THE CHAP-BOOK* he has religiously devoted himself to black and has developed a manner all his own.

So far, little of his work has appeared in a place to attract general attention. He has done several things for *Vogue*—pleasant bits of black, borders, head-pieces and the like—quite unlike what anyone else does—and interesting for that reason.

He has also designed a number of covers for *The Inland Printer*, two of which are here reproduced. They are clever things and unusual. The July cover is, on the whole, one

of the best things he has done; the conception is good and the treatment splendid. The blacks reflected in the waters are very decorative and the water flowers are beautiful.

The September cover, too, is a pretty thing—quite different in manner, although of similar suggestion.

In his design for the Thanksgiving issue, Mr. Bradley has taken motives as old as the hills and has so treated them



that they are intensely new. With merely a group of turkeys and some celery tips for materials, he has made a really beautiful cover—done in light lines and sweeping curves. The turkeys are decorative, the celery is very graceful; the whole drawing conclusively idealistic. It is an excellent ex-

pression of the season's characteristics.

It is not, however, for his work in *Vogue* or the *Inland Printer* that one chooses to praise Mr. Bradley most: it is rather for the promise of good things to come which these drawings give. They fill one with the idea that Mr. Bradley is only feeling about in search of his best line; they con-



THE BALLET

WILL H. BRADLEY

vince one that he has ideas—the Thanksgiving design, especially is full of thought—and they suggest great possibilities.

Of late he has made a beginning in posters. His wisdom in the massing of colours, the inevitable beauty of his curves and his taste in placing the right thing in the right

Vol. XIII—No. 6.

Price, 20 Cents.



place give him a peculiar advantage in this sort of work. The design for THE CHAP-BOOK announcement was very good in its way: it had no meaning; there was no attempt at appropriateness in the inclusion of the weird young ladies and it was distinctly grotesque—but it answered its purposes—it attracted attention. And there were

some pleasant things about it. The red chrysanthemums on the red ground are very cleverly done; the red decorations appearing in place of hair are nicely shaped and the general colour scheme is charming.

Another poster design—but recently finished and not yet on view—is to advertise Mr. Frohman's production of "The Masqueraders." It is an enormous thing, absolutely unlike



THE SERPENTINE DANCE

WILL H. BRADLEY

any show bill ever seen before, and far and away the best thing we have had in this country. It will give Mr. Bradley a broader reputation and a better position than he has occupied as yet, and it will justify comparison with such men as Dudley Hardy, Eugene Grasset, Lautrec, and Chéret.

The instinctively perfect sense of the proper disposition of things is the secret of his success. He arranges his lines and his masses with innate skill. He is not unerring, but there is a beautiful predominance of conscious correctness in his work. No one knows better than he wherein lie his mistakes—his weak points—and as time goes on and he develops—as he learns better drawing and has greater opportunities—there is every reason to believe in his ultimate mastery.

H. S. S.



THE NIGHT WASHERS

W^HE—ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh !
We are the brothers of ghouls, and who
In the name of the Crooked Saints are you?

We are the washers of shrouds wherein
The lovers of beauty who sainted sin
Sleep till the Judgment Day begin.

When the moon is drifting overhead,
We wash the linen of the dead,
Stained with yellow and stiff with red.

Whe—ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh !
We are the foul night washers, and who
By the seven lovely sins are you ?

Here we sit by the river reeds,
Rinsing the linen that reeks and bleeds,
And craving the help our labor needs.

Come, Sir Fop, fall to, fall to !
Show us for once what you can do !
One day there'll be washing enough for you.

Wade in, wade in, where the river runs
Clear in the moonlight over the stones !
It'll wash the ache from your scrofulous bones.

Whe—ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh !
We are the gossips of fame, and who
By the Sinners' Litany are you ?

Wade in, wade in ! The water is cold,
The stains are deep and the linen is old;
But surely the sons of the town are bold !

Work for us here till the break of day
At washing the stains of the dead away,
And you shall be merry, come what may !

From now till your ninetieth year begins,
You shall sin the seven lovely sins,
While wearing the virtue a cardinal wins.

Refuse, and your arms shall be broken and wried,
To dangle like fenders over the side
Of an empty ship on the harbor tide !

They shall gather a waist in their grip no more,
As you wander the wide world over and o'er,
With the curs at your heels from door to door.

With only a stranger to cover your face,
You shall die in the streets of an outcast race,
And your linen be washed in the market place.

Whe—ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh !
We are the Scavenger Saints, but who
In the name of the Shadowy Kin, are you !

BLISS CARMAN.



THE ABOLITION OF MONEY

THE cynic yawned obtrusively, and growled: "Money must be abolished. The root of all evil must be pulled up." "Money abolished!" I echoed in amaze. "Why, any student of political economy will tell you we could not live without it. Lacking a common measure of value, we——"

"So it has always been held by students when answering political economy papers," he interrupted impatiently. "Yet I dreamt once of a land where the currency was called in, and the morning stars sang together."

"But the exchange of commodities——" I began.

"Was effected by the sublime simplicity of barter. At one sweep were swept away all that monstrous credit system which has created an army of accountants and a Court of Bankruptcy; all that chaos of signatures—all those paper phantoms of capital. The Stock Exchange and other gambling hells shrivelled up. There was a vast saving of

clerical labour, and there were few loopholes for fraud. Everything was too simple. Swift retribution overtook the man who shirked his obligations to his fellows. Nobody could juggle with bits of paper at the North Pole and ruin people at the South. The windows of Human Society were cleared of the gigantic complex cobweb full of dead flies. One could look inside and see what was going on. 'Gentlemen' could not flourish in the light. They were like the fungi that grew in cellars. Every man became both a worker and a trader."

"Not an unmixed gain, that," I protested.

"I grant you," said the Cynic. "Some of the finer shades of fine gentlemanliness were lost; the honourable feeling of cheating one's tradesmen, the noble scorn of tailors, the lofty despidal of duns. When all men were tradesmen, these higher class distinctions fused into one another. There arose a clannish feeling which prevented the tradesman from defrauding one of his own class. But there was an even graver evil to be placed to the debit side of the new system. For the professors of political economy (who had thrown up their posts as a conscientious protest against the abolition of money and salaries) proved to be right. So clumsy was the mechanism of exchange that men were actually driven to doing more than one kind of work. All those advantages of specialisation which Adam Smith, supplemented by Babbage, had so laboriously pointed out were completely lost to a wasteful world. Rather than be without certain luxuries and necessities men gave up moving their legs all day up and down in time with iron treadles, or feeding machines with bits of material exactly alike, or remaining doubled up underground, or making marks from hour to hour and from year to year on pieces of ruled paper. The waste by friction became enormous. Some of the least thrifty even made their own furniture, and wove their own

clothes, and carved out rude ornaments for themselves. Whether from a natural want of economy, or from an unwillingness to encounter the difficulties of traffic, or from a mere spirit of independence, these men deliberately reverted to the condition from which mankind had so painfully emerged.

Some even pretended to enjoy it, and, rather paradoxically, asserted that the abolition of gold had brought about the golden age of primitive legend. Others who felt keenly the falling off in production, and the absence of those huge stores of unsold commodities which glutted the ancient markets, and gave a nation a sense of wealth in the midst of poverty; the æsthetic spirits who lamented the disappearance of the ancient mansions and palaces, which, although they were empty three parts of the year, yet afforded men the consolation of knowing that they were ample enough to shelter the majority of the homeless—men of this stamp were chagrined by the cumbersome mechanism of exchange, which made these glories of the past impracticable, and they were for introducing counters. But counters, although they had the advantage of lacking intrinsic value, would be quite as bad as actual coins if men could entirely trust one another never to repudiate their obligations. Unfortunately Society had grown so honest under the new régime that this condition was fulfilled, and the operation of counters would have been identical with that of money. Moreover, counters would have brought back card-playing, horse-racing, fire and life assurance, and other forms of gambling, which without them involved such complex calculations and valuations of loaves and fishes that all the pleasure was spoilt. When these things were pointed out to the æsthetic and the economical, they were convinced and remained of the same opinion.

“But even with all these deficits the balance in favour of

the *status quo* was eminently satisfactory. It was re-discovered that man really wanted very little here below, and that it was better for all to get than for some to continue to want it; and taking into account also the general freedom from war, newspapers, and other evils of a moneyed civilisation, it must be conceded that the common people had very little to grumble at."

"But what of the uncommon people?" I interrupted at last. "They must have been martyred."

"Certainly, for the good of the common people. You see, everything was topsy-turvy. Besides, they only suffered during the earlier stages of transition. There was, for instance, the poet who went round among the workmen to chaffer verses. But there were few willing to barter solid goods for poetry. Here and there an intelligent artisan in love purchased a serenade, and an occasional lunatic (for Nature hath her aberrations under any system) became the proprietor of an epic. But the sons of toil drove few bargains or hard with the sons of the Muses. The best poets fared worst, for the crowd sympathised not with their temper, nor with their diction, and they were like to die of starvation and so achieve speedy recognition. But the minor poets, too, were in sore strait. The market was exceedingly limited. Sellers were many and buyers few. Rondeaux were hawked about from butcher to baker, at ten to the joint or three to the four-pound loaf, and triolets were going at a hollow-toothful of brands. A ballade-worth of butter would hardly cover a luncheon biscuit, while a five-act blank verse tragedy was given away for a pound of tea, and that only when the characters were incestuous and the cæsuras irreproachable.

"A famous female poet was reduced to pawning her best sonnet for a glass of lemonade and a bun.

"Times were no less hard for the comic writer. Hitherto

he had only to outrage his mother-tongue, or to debase the moral currency, to find the land ready to accord him the fat thereof. He used to sit in a room in Fleet Street and make or steal jokes in return for gold. By the wonderful mechanism of the old Society other men and women, in whatever part of the world he might stray, would rush to feed and clothe and house him, and play and sing and dance to him, and physic him, and drive him about in carriages, and tell him the news and shave him, and press upon him the aromatic mixtures to smoke, and love him, and kowtow to him, and beg of him, and even laugh at his jokes, all in return for making or stealing jokes in Fleet street. Some of these men and women detest jokes, or have a blindness to their points; nevertheless, not one but would be eager to express in the most practical form his or her senses of the services rendered to society by the joker. But now that people saw with open eyes through the transparent mechanism of exchange they were extremely loath to part with their tangible commodities in return for mere flashes of wit and vulgarity. Previously they had only half realised that they were soberly and seriously making coats, or working machines, or smelting iron, while these jesters were merely cudgelling their brains or consulting back files. The complexity of the thing had disguised the facts. But now that they saw exactly what was going on, they became suddenly callous to numerous vested interests, and their new-found desire to know why they should give up the fruits of their labour pressed very cruelly upon innocent individuals. The comic writer found it no joke to live with 'I'd Rajah not's' going at seventy-five to the cigarette or mockeries of the mother-in-law yielding but a ton of coals to the thousand. Puns were barely vendible, and even comic pictures could only be sold at a great sacrifice of decency.

"The heir was a type of sufferer. When he came around

asking for champagne and chicken, the working-man said, 'What are you offering us in exchange?' and he replied, 'My relationship to my father.' But they would not buy.

"Antiquarians and scholars, too, found it a hard task to live. No one needed the things they raked up from the dust-heap of the past. Critics were in an exceptionally critical condition. No one cared to exchange his productions with a man who in return had only to offer his opinion of somebody else's! As this opinion was usually worthless even under the old *règime*, people soon began to turn up their noses at it, and nobody would give a rusk for the information that Turner was a better artist than Nature, or that hanging was too good for Whistler. Remarks about the Italian Renaissance were accounted paltry equivalents for green peas, invidious comparisons among the Lake poets were not easily negotiable for alpaca umbrellas, and the subtlest misreadings of Shakespeare were considered trivial substitutes for small-clothes. The artists were reduced to borrowing half-rolls from their models, partly because people had gone back to Nature and liked their scenery free from oil and drank in the Spirit of Beauty without water, and partly because it was so difficult to assess the value of a picture now that critics had been starved out and speculation had died away. Allegorical painters continued a much-misunderstood race, and the fusion of classes had re-acted fatally on the brisk trade in 'Portraits of a Gentlemen.' People who, in their celestial aspirations after the True, the Good, and the Beautiful, had forgotten that they ate and drank and required food, warmth, and shelter to hatch all these sublime things with Capital Letters—people who had heretofore poured lofty scorn on those who could not forget that man was a being with a body—these were now the most clamant demanders of the material. Only by the withdrawal of physical necessities and luxuries did they come to realise

how much they had depended on such or to perceive the impossibility of the Worship of Truth on an empty stomach. Alas! under this crude system of barter the most ardent expression of their sentiments concerning the ideal and the *Kalokagathon* would not keep them in cigars. The professional paradoxist went about with holes in his boots. Epigrams in hand, sickness at heart, and emptiness at stomach, he crawled through the town in search of a buyer. He offered a dozen of the choicest apothegms for a pair of hob-nailed boots, conjuring the cobbler like the veriest 'commercial' to note the superiority of the manufacture. He pointed out that he travelled with the latest novelties in Impressionist Ethics, perfect unfitness guaranteed. He even offered to make a reduction if the cobbler would take a quantity. The worthy craftsman, stung by the prospect of a cheap job lot of epigrams, was prevailed upon to look at the goods. But when he read that 'Vice is the foundation of all virtue,' that 'Self-sacrifice is the quintessence of selfishness,' and that 'The Good of Evil outweighs the Evil of Good,' he felt that he could do much better with his boots, even if he only employed them to kick the epigrammatist. The poor wretch thought himself lucky when he succeeded in purchasing two epigramsworth of tobacco and a paradoxworth of potatoes. To cap his misfortune, the nation suffered from a sudden invasion of immigrant epigrammatists, so that cynicisms went a-begging at ten for a sausage-roll. Nor was the dull but moral maxim at less discount than the witty but improper epigram. Essays inculcating the most superior virtues failed to counterbalance a day's charing, and the finest spiritualistic soft soap would not wash clothes. Even the washerwoman deemed her work more real and valuable than the manufacture of moralities too fine for use, and the deliberate effusion of sentiments too good to be true. In those days, too, a complete political platform,

comprising a score of first-class articles of faith, sold at a pair of second-hand slop-trousers, and a speech of three hours and three hundred parentheses could not fetch more than a pot of jam in the open market. The workhouses were crowded with politicians, critics, poets, novelists, bishops, sporting tipsters, scholars, heirs, soldiers, dudes, painters, journalists, peers, bookmakers, landlords, punsters, idealists, and other incorrigible persons. Nothing was more curious and heartrending in the history of this transition to a new stage than the rapidity with which those who had been most exigent towards life bated their terms. Men who, in their aspirations after the Good and the Beautiful and the True, had unwittingly wasted an intolerable deal of the world's substance in riotous idealising; men who had so long breathed the atmosphere of ottomans and rose-leaves that they were barely conscious of their privileges, now found themselves clamouring for bread wherewith to stay the cravings of their inner selves, and accounted themselves happy if they found a roof to shelter them. The pathos of it was that they felt it all too intensely to see the pathos of it or to express it in poem, picture, or song.

"It was, of course, the current political economy to which was due this immense depreciation in the exchange value of the higher kinds of intellectual and artistic work. In the old Socialistic system which had been swept away by the abolition of money, men had purchased literary and musical commodities in common, each consumer paying his quota for his share of an unconsumable and infinitely divisible whole. But now few individuals cared or could afford to purchase whole works for their private edification; and so it came to pass that men of talent suffered as much as men of genius in the olden days. And when it began to be understood of the people that the times were other, and that Art and Letters and Apostleship would not pay, men

turned in resignation to work with the hands, and they made all kinds of useful things.

“And the bookmakers returned not to their pens, nor the pot-boiling painters to their palettes, nor the apostles to their prophesying, being otherwise engaged and not thereto driven by inward necessity.

“And the Society of Authors perished!”

“But the great poets, and the prophets, and the workers in colour and form, upon whom the spirit rested, these wrought on when their daily labour for a livelihood was at an end, for joy of their art and for the religious fire that was in them, giving freely of their best to their fellow-men, and exempt for evermore from all taint of trade.”

The Cynic paused and I sat silent, deeply impressed by what he had said, and striving to imprint every word of it upon my memory so that I might sell it to a magazine.

I. ZANGWILL.



CREATION

AEONS of time, infinite space,
 Blackness and chaos interlace.
 Sudden, a streak of light shot through—
 On a pin-head of earth, a red cock crew.

ELEANOR B. CALDWELL.



THE LAND OF THE STRADDLE-BUG

CHAPTER II.

BLANCHE rose to a strange and wonderful day—a busy day. The breakfast she cooked in the early dawn. Rivers helped her by bringing water and building the fire. He was full of life and humor and exerted himself to please her.

He called her out to see the sun-rise. Flights of geese passed and the noise of ducks came to them as they stood there. He pointed out a solemn row of sandhill cranes down by the swale. He made her see the wonder and beauty of the morning more clearly than ever before in her life.

After breakfast Bailey and Burke left "the Moggason Rancho" (as Bailey called the store and shanty) to carry the lumber and furniture belonging to Burke to his claim two or three miles away. Rivers remained to work in the store and to meet some other land-seekers and Mrs. Burke remained to get dinner.

Burke and Bailey returned at noon to dinner.

"Mrs. Burke, you can sleep in your own ranch to-night," said Bailey.

"I guess it will be a ranch."

"It'll be new," her husband said, with a timid smile.

After dinner she straightened things up a little and said: "Well, there, Mr. Rivers. *You'll* have to take care o' things now."

Rivers leered comically at his partner. "Bailey, I didn't know what we needed before. We need a woman."

Bailey smiled. "Go get one. Don't ask a clumsy old farmer like me."

"I'll do it to-morrow," said Rivers, with a droll inflection. They all laughed, and Burke clucked at the team.

They left the ranch and struck out over the prairie where no wagon wheel but theirs had ever passed. Here were the buffalo trails, deep-worn ruts running from northwest to southeast. Here lay white bones in shining crates, ghostly on the fire-blackened sod. Beside the shallow pools they lay in heapss. Everywhere signs of the swarming life which once swept two and fro from north to south.

A few antelope scurried away out of their path and wolves sat on heights and gravely watched them as if marvelling at their coming. The wind swept out of the west clear and cold. The sky held no shred of cloud. The air was like some all-powerful intoxicant, and when Bailey pointed out a row of little stakes and said, "there's the railroad," their imaginations supplied the trains, the wheat, the houses, the towns which were to come

Blanche sat on a box and watched the two men as they swiftly built the little cabin which was to be their home. It was nine by sixteen, because the boards were of that length. Their hammers rang merrily and soon Blanche was permitted go inside and look up at the great sky which roofed it in. It was a wonderful moment to her. She sat there listening to the sound of the hammers that were building this fragile shelter around her and a great awe fell upon her. It seemed as if she had drawn a little nearer to the Almighty Creator of the universe. The roof grew over her head and the floor under her feet. The stove came in and the flour barrel and the few household articles they had brought, and as the sun was setting Howard and Bailey entered and sat down to supper in the new home.

The smell of the fresh pine was round them. Geese were flying over. Cranes were dancing down by the ponds, prairie chickens were *booming*. The open door-way (doorless yet) looked out on the sea-like plain glorified by the

red sun just sinking over the purple line of treeless hills to the west.

After Bailey left them the husband and wife sat in silence. When they spoke it was in low voices. It was as if God could hear what they said. That He was just there behind the western glory.

* * *

Thereafter the plain thickened daily with life. Every day the land-seekers swarmed about asking for food and shelter and so Blanche went down each day and cooked at Bailey's ranch, returning each night.

Everybody came to take claims. Old men, alone and feeble. School teachers from the east. Young girls from the towns of the older counties. Boys not yet of age. Every where they set stakes upon the green and beautiful sod.

Each day the grass grew more velvety soft. Each day the sky grew warmer and more genial. The snow disappeared from the ravines. The ice broke up on the Moggason, the ponds disappeared. Plover came with wailing cry. Buffalo birds, prairie pigeons, larks, blackbirds, sparrows, joined their voices to those of the cranes and geese and ducks and the plain piped and twittered and clacked and chuckled with life. The gopher came out of his winter quarters, the foxes barked, the skunk hobbled along the ravines and the badger raised mounds of fresh soil as if to aid the boomer by showing how deep the black loam was.

Everybody whistled and sang and shouted and toiled—toiled terribly—and yet it did not seem like toil. They sank wells and plowed gardens and built barns and planted seeds, and yet it seemed like a great pleasure party. It seemed as if no one needed to work, and therefore those first months were months of enormous progress.

It was the most beautiful spring Blanche and Howard had spent since their marriage nine years before. Blanche for-

got to be petulant or moody. She was like a girl of eighteen again.

She laughed heartily when Rivers came over one afternoon and said:

"Burke, I want to borrow your cook. We've got a lot o' tenderfeet over there to-night and I'm a little shy of Bailey's biscuits."

"All right, only bring her back."

Blanche colored a little. "No danger o' that."

"Better go 'long and make sure," replied Rivers.

"All right. I'll come over in time for supper." Burke's simple good face glowed with enjoyment of the fun. And he smilingly went back to beating his plow-share with hammer and wedge, as Rivers drove away with Blanche.

The clink of his hammer rang through the golden light that flooded the prairie. It beat time to his whistled song.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



NOTES

For several years Stéphane Mallarmé has been in the habit of addressing his letters to friends in quatrain form. With perhaps a complimentary phrase, he would work in the friend's name and the street and number and, curiously enough, the letters have always reached their destination. He has collected a number of these quatrains and under the title, "Les Loisirs de la Poste," they will be published in the next number of THE CHAP-BOOK. In a note accompanying them, M. Mallarmé says that the publication is solely in honor of the postal authorities, and one is inclined to grant them all credit when it is remembered that M. Mallarmé is by no means the simplest of the symbolists, and that symbolist French at best is nearly impossible.

●
TO E. F.

I know a western hickory,
Of outside weather-brown and rough:
But all within that firm-set tree
Is clearest fibre, white and tough.
And stuff is there for shaft or bow,
For sturdy helve or stubborn bar,
Fair carving will it take and show
How fine and firm its secrets are.

I know a singer in the West,
And songs he sings in many a key,
And childhood is the strain that best
Becomes his cunning minstrelsy.
Minor and merry chords are there,
And smiles and tears his measures yield:
But, strong or tender, everywhere
He is himself. His name is ———.

A word of praise is due to Mr. George H. Richmond, of New York, for the very good taste he has shown in the manufacture of three books,—translations from George Sand. It is a pleasure to find such pretty volumes and, coming from one whose name is not often seen on a title page, they are made the more noteworthy. The selection of type was excellent, considering the text; the printing was done at the De Vinne Press and the paper is very good, although stiffer than I like it. The binding is attractive and not one man in a thousand knows the Grolier Club book which inspired it. The work is altogether remarkably good. In fact, I have nothing but praise for Mr. Richmond's achievement, and I shall hope to see more volumes appear over his name.



In his *Confessions*, now appearing in what the *Nation* properly calls "that unspeakable" *Fin de Siecle*, Paul Verlaine tells some interesting things about his early days. It was in his fourteenth year that the literary man, the poet, as he says, was born in him. The first things he read,—the very first, aside from classical and obscene volumes—were: *Gamiani*, *L'Enfer de Joseph Prudhomme*, *l'Examen de Flora*, *Piron*—or to give their better known name, *Les Fleurs du Mal*, first edition.

"Il va sans dire," he writes, "que j'a n'avais aucune idée de cette poésie si éloignée de mon âge, nourri, aussi bien, de plus sages 'morceaux choisis.' Même le titre fut pour moi longtemps fermé et j'avais dévoré le bouquin sans y comprendre rien sinon que ça parlait de 'perversités' (comme on dit dans les pensionnats de jeunes demoiselles) et de . . . nudités parfois, double attrait pour ma jeune 'corruption,'—et j'étais fermement persuadé que le livre s'appelait tout bonnement: *Les Fleurs de Mai*."

“Quoiqu’il en soit, Baudelaire eut à ce moment, sur moi, une influence tout au moins d’imitation enfantine et tout ce que vous voudrez de cette gamme, mais une influence réelle et qui ne pouvait que grandir et, alors, s’élucider, se logifier avec le temps.”

Verlaine is getting well along in years now; he has lived through many generations and and he has known most of the literary men of France. His story is a remarkable one,—probably, I trust, without parallel—and yet full of pathetic attraction from the very ingenuousness of the old sinner. It is a pity that these memorials of his lifetime could not have been properly written, in the first place, and properly published, in the second. Yet, as they stand, they are perhaps more honest than they could ever be in a better form and there is a consistency in their appearance in a hopelessly immoral paper. And, after all, they are full of interest. They are rudely done and scattering; merely notes—but the notes of a lifetime filled with experiences.



I have seen the announcement of the new Rossetti book—the most important contribution yet published to the biography of Dante Gabriel Rossetti—now in preparation and likely to be issued at a not very distant date by Messrs. Ellis & Elvey, the publishers of the “Collected Works” and other volumes. The book will consist of two sections:

1. A memoir of some considerable length, on which his brother, William Michael Rossetti, is now actively engaged.
2. Dante Rossetti’s family letters, from his boyhood to the latest months of his life. These letters are addressed to seven relatives, principally his mother and brother, and are fully annotated by the latter, so as to explain collateral details and allusions. There will be nine portraits in the volume. Eight of these are from paintings or drawings done by Dante Rossetti, and represent himself and the seven per-

sons addressed. The ninth is a portrait of his wife (Miss Siddal), her own production. Mr. William Rossetti put together and annotated these letters very soon after the death of his brother in April, 1882. At that time a friend, highly qualified for the task, undertook to write the memoir; but, as his intention has not been carried out, Mr. William Rossetti has now, not without some reluctance, addressed himself to the work.

Speaking of Rossetti suggests an anecdote of him which came out a few years ago: He went one day with a friend for a stroll through the poorer quarters of the town, and was greatly attracted by the shops in Seven Dials. Outside one he saw in a cage a curious round ball of spikes. "What is the price of that?" "Half-a-crown." "Could you get me some more of them?" "Certainly." "Well, let me have twenty to-morrow evening." The retail dealer, whose stock consisted of a few linnets, a chaffinch or two, and four or five staggering larks, looked aghast. Said his friend on the way home, "What on earth did you want with all those hedge-hogs?" "I'll put them in my garden," said Rossetti, "and when fellows come to see my pictures they'll pass through the garden. 'Look at this little round ball,' one of them will say; 'why, it's alive. And here's another! and here's a third! Why the garden is full of them.' And then they'll be in such good spirits at the discovery that they'll buy my pictures."



THE CHAP-BOOK

SEMI-MONTHLY. SUBSCRIPTION : ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.
THE TRADE SUPPLIED BY THE AMERICAN NEWS COMP'Y
AND ITS BRANCHES. ADVERTISING RATES TO BE HAD ON
APPLICATION TO THE PUBLISHERS,

STONE & KIMBALL

THE CAXTON BUILDING : CHICAGO.

Entered at the Chicago Post Office as Second Class Matter.

The Edition of the CHAP-BOOK this week is 12,500 copies.

Copies of the first twelve numbers of the CHAP-BOOK will be exchanged, if in good condition, for the volume bound in stamped buckram, for fifty cents. Binders for preserving the numbers as they come may also be had at fifty cents each. Subscribers pay charges both ways:—twelve cents is the postage on bound volumes and seven on the binders.



The Publishers of the Chap-Book cannot furnish the first volume in any form. With the exception of the issue of November 1st, the numbers are entirely out of print.



The next number of the CHAP-BOOK will contain, besides the quatrains of Stephane Mallarme, mentioned in the Notes, contributions by Hamlin Garland, Bliss Carman, Helen Leah Reed, Alice Brown and others.

BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP



Excels any 25-cent Toilet Soap made, but is sold for **Ten Cents**

Read the Figures of its Forward Footsteps:

Total Number Cakes Sold, 1891	486,000
Total Number Cakes Sold, 1892	1,152,700
Total Number Cakes Sold, 1893	2,312,400
Total Number Cakes Sold, 1894	3,835,900

(UP TO OCTOBER 1.)

Made at the Largest Exclusive Toilet Soap Factory in the world; the the latest improved machinery; the most skillful workmen; and, most important, only the best and purest material used.

For Sale Everywhere, at home and abroad. If your dealer does not keep it, send six 2-cent stamps for a full-size cake by mail.

COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO.

Salesrooms 185-187 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Freed From a Habit

as dangerous as it is disgusting—and your health back. Thousands of young men are constantly shortening their lives by the use of tobacco. There's one relief.

NO-TO-BAC

is a guaranteed cure for the tobacco habit. It kills the desire for tobacco, eliminates the nicotine, steadies the nerves, increases the weight and makes the blood rich and pure.

Don't you think it's worth investigating? Write for our free booklet, "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away."

THE STERLING REMEDY CO.,

Indiana Mineral Springs, Warren Co., Ind.

Chicago Office, 45 Randolph St. New York Office, 10 Spruce St.

THREE ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS FROM PORTER & COATES' LIST

HOLLAND

By EDMONDO DE AMICIS, author of "Spain," "Constantinople," etc., translated from the Italian by Helen Zimmern.

This Edition has been made from new electrotype plates, and is very carefully printed. Illustrated with 44 photogravure illustrations. Bound in two volumes, small octavo, gilt tops, cloth, ornamental, with slip covers, in cloth box, \$5.00.

Half calf, gilt tops, \$10.00.

Large-Paper Edition, in 2 vols., limited to 150 copies, \$10.00.

LORNA DOONE. A Romance of Exmore

By R. D. BLACKMORE. This edition has been made from entirely new electrotype plates, and very carefully printed, with 51 photogravure illustrations.

Bound in 2 vols., small 8vo, with gilt top, back and side. In cloth box (with slip covers), \$6.00.

Half calf, gilt top, \$12.00.

Large-Paper Edition, in 3 vols., limited to 250 copies, \$15.00.

ROMOLA. Florentine Edition

By GEORGE ELIOT. Beautifully illustrated with 60 photogravures. Tastefully bound, in two volumes. Small 8vo; with slip covers in the Italian style, in cloth box, \$6.00.

Half crushed levant, gilt top, \$12.00.

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS AT RUGBY.

By THOS. HUGHES. With 22 photogravures. One vol., small 8vo, cloth, \$3.00.

Large-Paper Edition, limited to 125 copies, \$6.00.

PORTER & COATES, Publishers,
Philadelphia.

For sale by all Booksellers.

Sent postpaid to any address on receipt of price.

USEFUL AND INTERESTING.

BOYS! BOYS! GIRLS! GIRLS! A BOOK FOR YOU!



TAN PILE JIM; or A Yankee Waif Among the Blue-noses.

Witty, adventurous, pathetic, amusing, instructive. 139 ARTISTIC ILLUSTRATIONS. SIZE OF BOOK $6\frac{1}{4} \times 9$ INCHES. Superb Holiday Binding, \$1.00; in Boards, elaborate design, lithographed in colors, 50 cents.

OPIE READ'S Celebrated Character Novels.

A Kentucky Colonel, A Tennessee Judge, Emmet Bonlore, Len Gansett, The Colossus and The Tear in the Cup. Just from the press: **WIVES OF THE PROPHET.** Illustrated. Price, paper, 50c; silk cloth, \$1.00.

A MAN AND A WOMAN. By Stanley Waterloo.

A beautiful story of human nature and the evolution of individual character. Price, paper, 50c; Cloth, \$1.00.

ABOUT GIRLS. By Helen Follett.

A delicious book on the fancies, fads, freaks and follies of the modern girl. Richly illustrated. Price, paper, 25c; cloth, 50c.

WM. H. Thome's BOOKS OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

Ten cloth-bound volumes. Delightful and instructive. Price, \$1.00.

SCHILLER'S COMPLETE WORKS.

Reproduced entire from the original edition of Heinrich Kurtz in the Bibliographisches Institute of Leipsic. Special price for the holidays. Cloth bound. Eleven volumes. Set complete in a box, \$4.00.

For sale everywhere. See our Mammoth Catalogue of more than 400 titles.

LAIRD & LEE, Publishers,
Chicago, Illinois.

Colored Mezzotints

PORTRAITS OF
CELEBRATED BEAUTIES

Autotypes (BRAUN'S)

PERFECT REPRODUC-
TIONS OF
GREAT WORKS OF ART

Special Exhibition for December

WATER COLORS
By TRISCOTT
Of BOSTON

Views on Coast of Maine
and Isle P'tit Matinic

O'Brien's

- 208 Wabash Ave.,
CHICAGO

~~we~~ We invite correspondence and will be pleased
to send anything on approval.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company's Holiday Books.

Their Wedding Journey

By W. D. Howells. *Holiday Edition*. Fully Illustrated by Clifford Carleton, and bound in very attractive style from a design by Mrs. Whitman. Crown 8vo., \$3.00.

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

In the wonderful translation by Edward Fitzgerald. With a biography of Omar Khayyam, a biographical sketch of Mr. Fitzgerald, and 56 superb illustrations by Elihu Vedder. Popular Edition. Crown 8vo., \$5.00.

The Last Leaf

By Oliver Wendell Holmes. *Popular Holiday Edition*. With a touching Prefatory Letter by Dr. Holmes and many illustrations by Hopkinson Smith and George Wharton Edwards. Crown 8vo., \$1.50.

The Oliver Wendell Holmes Year Book

Selections from Dr. Holmes's prose and poetry, for Every Day of the Year. With a fine portrait. Attractively bound. 16mo. \$1.00.

The Story of a Bad Boy

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. *Holiday Edition*. With numerous illustrations by A. B. Frost. Crown Octavo, finely printed and bound in unique style, forming an exceedingly attractive book. \$2.00. 

Timothy's Quest

A fine *Holiday Edition* of one of Mrs. Wiggin's most popular stories. Very fully and artistically illustrated by Oliver Herford, and attractively bound. Crown 8vo., \$1.50.

Little Mr. Thimblefinger and His Queer Country

A delightful book for young folks (and older ones). By Joel Chandler Harris, author of the "Uncle Remus" books. Fully and charmingly illustrated by Oliver Herford. Square 8vo., \$2.00.

John Greenleaf Whittier

Life and Letters, by Samuel T. Pickard. With 7 portraits and views. 2 vols., crown 8vo., gilt top, \$4.00.
A work which all lovers of Whittier will welcome with peculiar gratitude.

Sold by all Booksellers. Sent, postpaid, by

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.

COPELAND AND DAY'S NEW BOOKS

POEMS. By JOHN B. TABB, with cover and ornaments designed by George Edward Barton, five hundred copies, square octavo, green cloth and gold, \$1.00. Fifty copies on English hand-made paper, \$3.00. Five copies on China paper, \$10.00.

ON THE WOOING OF MARTHA PITKIN. Being a Versified Narrative of the Regicides in Colonial New England, by CHARLES KNOWLES BOLTON. Three hundred and fifty copies printed on hand-made paper, small octavo, Eighteenth Century binding, 75c. Thirty-five copies on large paper, full blind tooled leather, \$2.00.

SONGS FROM VAGABONDIA. By BLISS CARMAN and RICHARD HOVEY. With designs by T. B. Meteyard. Seven hundred and fifty copies, octavo, brown paper boards, \$1.00. Fifty copies on large paper, \$3.00.

THE SPHYNX. A Poem by OSCAR WILDE. Twenty-five copies, small quarto, bound in full English Vellum and Gold, Large Paper, \$30.00.

THE YELLOW BOOK. An Illustrated Quarterly edited by HENRY HARLAND and AUBREY BEARDSLEY. Two hundred and Sixty pages (or over) bound in yellow cloth, square octavo, \$6.00 per year, or \$1.50 a single number.

In Preparation—LOVERS—SAINTS—RUTH'S

And three other Idyls by LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY. Octavo, \$1.25. Seventy-five copies on hand-made paper, \$3.00.

MEDDER-GRASS. A Book of New England Tales. By ALICE BROWN. Octavo, \$1.25. Fifty copies on hand-made paper, \$3.00.

ESTHER—A YOUNG MAN'S TRAGEDY AND THE LOVE SONGS OF PROTEUS. By WILFRED SCAWEN BLUNT. (In the same form and series with *THE HOUSE OF LIFE* by D. G. ROSETTI). Five hundred copies on Dutch hand-made paper especially manufactured for this series. Square octavo, two hundred pages, \$3.50. Fifty copies on English hand-made paper, with rubricated initials, \$6.00.

THE BLACK RIDERS and Other Lines. By STEPHEN CRANE.

FIRST POEMS AND FRAGMENTS. By PHILIP H. SAVAGE.

JACQUES DAMOUR and Other Stories. By EMILE ZOLA. Translated by W. F. Apthorp.

COPELAND AND DAY, Boston.



SOCIETY IN THE TERTIARY AGE.

A Story of the Missing Link,

Showing the first steps in Industry, Commerce, Government, Religion and the Arts, with an account of the great expedition from Cocoonut Hill and the war in Alligator Swamp.

By AUSTIN BIERBOWER

Author of "The Virtues and Their Reasons," "The Socialism of Christ," "The Morals of Christ," etc.

Illustrated by H. R. HEATON. Cloth, \$1.00. Paper, 50 cents.

The publisher makes a new departure in putting an expensive book on the market at an exceedingly low price.

"THE STORY OF CHICAGO"

By Joseph Kirkland

Is the finest, most complete and interesting history of our great city extant, and is the favorite book of reference at all the libraries. The second volume is now ready for publication. It is very rich in text and illustration, dealing with the Columbian Exposition, the Libraries, Universities and great buildings, and with the intellectual, musical, artistic and commercial development of the city in the fullest possible manner.

This history was Major Kirkland's best beloved task, and one with which he most desired to be identified. He was at work on it at the time of his sudden death, six months ago, and the pen that he laid down forever was taken up by his daughter, Miss Caroline Kirkland, who has completed the volume.

Price per volume: Cloth, \$3.50; half morocco, \$5.00; full morocco, \$7.00.

DIBBLE PUBLISHING CO.,

334 DEARBORN ST., - - - CHICAGO, ILL.

The Century Co.'s New Books

Edwin Booth. (*Second Edition.*)

Recollections by his daughter, EDWINA BOOTH GROSSMANN, with Mr. Booth's letters to her and to his friends. This book gives a delightful glimpse of the great actor as a husband and father. It is illustrated with photogravure reproductions of portraits. Octavo, 350 pages, cloth, \$3.00. Limited Edition, extra illustrated, 100 copies only, \$12.50. A very fine Edition de Luxe, extra illustrated, on large paper, 50 copies only, \$5.00.

The Jungle Book

(*Fifteenth Thousand.*)

By RUDYARD KIPLING. One of this season's great successes—"a book that speaks of genius, one that is about the fashion of the hour," says the N. Y. Tribune. "Mr. Kipling's best bid for immortality," says the Sunday School Times. Illustrated, 12mo., 303 pages, in rich cloth binding, \$1.50.

A Bachelor Maid

By Mrs. BURTON HARRISON, author of "The Anglomaniacs," etc. A novel of contemporary New York society, the heroine a girl interested in all the latest movements. Illustrated by Irving Wiles, 12mo., 200 pages, cloth, \$1.25.

The Reign of Queen Anne

By Mrs. M. O. W. OLIPHANT, author of "The Literary History of England," etc., etc. Delightfully written papers describing famous people of the days of Queen Anne, including Dean Swift, Defoe, and Addison. Full-page pictures printed in two-colors. Royal octavo, 207 pages, rich binding, cloth, gilt tooling, \$6.00.

When All the Woods are Green

A new novel by DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL, author of "Characteristics," "In War Time," etc. A tale of the primeval Canadian forests, full of brilliant conversations and strong studies of character, and interspersed with descriptions of adventures with rod and gun. The book is full of the mystery and picturesqueness of the deep woods. 12mo., with portrait of the author, 430 pages, cloth, \$1.50.

Across Asia on a Bicycle

By THOMAS G. ALLEN, JR., and WILLIAM L. SACHTLEBEN. The story of the remarkable trip made by two young American students from Constantinople to Peking on bicycles. Not since the days of Marco Polo has a European traveler succeeded in crossing the Chinese Empire from the western boundary to the capital. Profusely illustrated with photographs taken by the authors. 12mo., 300 pages, cloth, \$1.50.

Send to The Century Co., Union Square, New York, for complete catalogue. Ask to see The Century Co.'s books at the stores. Sold everywhere, or copies sent post-paid by the publishers.

The Century Co.'s New Books

The Mountains of California

By JOHN MUIR, the well-known California naturalist; describing the glaciers, the glacial lakes and meadows, the forests, and the animals of the Sierra Nevada range. Emerson said of John Muir, who accompanied him in his California trip, "He is more wonderful than Thoreau." 12mo., 350 pages, richly illustrated, cloth, \$1.50.

Five Books of Song

By RICHARD WATSON GILDER. The first complete collection of Mr. Gilder's poems, revised and gathered into one handsome volume, with a number of poems not hitherto printed. Illustrated, 12mo., 240 pages, cloth, \$1.50.

Abraham Lincoln

Complete Works—Speeches, Letters, State Papers, Miscellaneous Writings. The story of Lincoln's life told by himself. Edited by Messrs. NICOLAY and HAY, and authorized by Mr. Lincoln's son, Hon. Robert T. Lincoln. Two vols., 700 pages each, cloth, \$10.00.

P'tit Matinic' and Other Monotones. (*Second Edition.*)

By GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS, author of "Thumb-Nail Sketches." Stories of life on the Nova Scotia coast. A charming little volume, with frontispiece in color, and exquisite illustrations by the artist author. Issued in full sheep binding, with rich design in embossed gold. Size $3\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 inches, 140 pages, \$1.25.

Writing to Rosina. (*Second Edition.*)

By WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP, author of "The House of a Merchant Prince." A novelette issued in exquisite binding, chronicling the unhappy experiences of a gentleman who, in an evil hour, induced a friend to conduct for him a correspondence with his fiancée. Illustrated, $3\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 inches, full stamped sheep, 117 pages, \$1.00.

Famous Adventures and Prison Escapes of the Civil War

Stories of some of the most daring and romantic episodes of the War, described by participants, richly illustrated. Octavo, 338 pages, cloth, gilt top, \$1.50.

Roger Williams, the Pioneer of Religious Liberty

By OSCAR S. STRAUS, late United States minister to Turkey. A biography of unusual value, presenting an impartial record of the character and work of Roger Williams. 12mo., 257 pages, cloth, \$1.25.

Send to The Century Co., Union Square, New York, for complete catalogue. Ask to see The Century Co.'s books at the stores. Sold everywhere, or copies sent, post-paid, by the publishers.

The Century Co.'s' New Books

For Boys and Girls.

The Land of Pluck.

(*Second Edition.*)

By MARY MAPES DODGE. Stories and sketches for young folk about Holland, with some on other subjects; by the author of "Hans Brinker; or the Silver Skates," the most famous story-book of life in Holland ever written for young people. The first part of the book is entirely devoted to Holland and the Dutch. The second part contains nineteen short stories, including "Wondering Tom," "The Brighton Cats," "Trapper Joe," etc., etc. Richly illustrated by Edwards, Kemble, and many other artists. 12mo., 313 pages, cloth \$1.50.

When Life Is Young

By MARY MAPES DODGE. A collection of verses for boys and girls, including a great number of the most popular poems and rhymes of Mrs. Dodge that have appeared in "St. Nicholas," with others now printed for the first time. Richly illustrated. 12mo., 250 pages, cloth \$1.25.

Imaginations

"Truthless Tales" by TUDOR JENKS, one of the most popular story-writers of "St. Nicholas," author of "The Century World's Fair Book for Boys and Girls." Richly illustrated, by Birch, Drake, Bensell, Dan Beard, and Herford. 8¾ x 7 inches, 230 pages, cloth, \$1.50.

The Brownies Around the World

(*Thirteenth Thousand.*)

A new Brownie book by PALMER COX, with new poems and pictures. More than 100,000 of these famous Brownie Books have been sold. The latest one is a delightful addition to the series, and in it Mr. Cox's wonderful little people visit many strange lands and have many surprising adventures. Quarto, 144 pages, illuminated boards, \$1.50.

Artful Anticks

By OLIVER HERFORD, author of "Pen and Inklings." Humorous verse for young folks, cleverly illustrated by the author, whose contributions to "St. Nicholas," "Life," and other periodicals have won him a wide reputation. This book, although nominally for the youngsters, will have charms for many grown-ups as well. 6¾ x 7¾ inches, 100 pages, cloth, \$1.00.

Send to The Century Co., Union Square, New York, for complete catalogue. Ask to see The Century Co.'s books at the stores. Sold everywhere, or copies sent post-paid by the publishers.

The Century Co.'s New Books

For Boys and Girls.

The Century Book for Young Americans

(*Fifteenth Thousand.*)

The Story of the Government, by ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS, describing, in attractive story-form, the visit of a party of bright young people to Washington, who, beginning with the Constitution, investigate thoroughly the Government of the United States. Combining a capital story-book with the helpfulness of a history. Illustrated with over 200 engravings.

Issued under the auspices of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, with introduction by General Horace Porter, 250 pages. In stout buckram binding, \$1.50.

Topsys and Turvys Number 2

By PETER NEWELL, author of the original "Topsys and Turvys." A most surprising picture-book for young folks, containing about twice as much material as was in the original Topsy-Turvy book, one of last season's hits. $6\frac{3}{4} \times 9\frac{1}{4}$ inches, 69 pages, boards, \$1.00.

The Man Who Married the Moon

Folk-stories of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. By CHARLES F. LUMMIS, author of "Some Strange Corners of Our Country." A wonderful book for young folks, instructive and entertaining. Illustrated, 12mo., 239 pages, cloth, \$1.50.

Toinette's Philip

By Mrs. C. V. JAMISON, author of that children's classic, "Lady Jane." A delightful story of life in New Orleans and in New York. Printed first as a serial in "St. Nicholas." Illustrated by Birch. 236 pages, rich binding, \$1.50.

Donald and Dorothy

(*New Edition.*)

By MARY MAPES DODGE. A story that has delighted thousands of boys and girls, now issued in a new and handsome edition. Illustrated, 355 pages, cloth, \$1.50.

Send to The Century Co., Union Square, New York, for complete catalogue. Ask to see The Century Co.'s books at the stores. Sold everywhere, or copies sent, post-paid, by the publishers.

Fragility sometimes blossoms in the strangest places! The daintiest of book-making has commonly come from centers like Paris, London or New York; but from the town of Portland, Me., there have recently been issued under the title of "The Bibelot Series," some little paper covered volumes of poetry which are as luxurious and artistic as anything that hails from France or England. Mr. T. B. Mosher is the publisher of these bits of clever workmanship.—New York Tribune, Dec. 31, 1893.

Fall Announcement.

THOMAS B. MOSHER, Portland, Maine.

THE BIBELOT SERIES

THE BIBELOT SERIES is modeled on an old style format, narrow 8vo., and beautifully printed in Italic on Van Gelder's hand-made paper, uncut edges; done up in flexible Japan vellum, with outside wrappers and dainty gold seals. Each issue has besides an original cover design, and is strictly limited to 725 copies. Price per Volume, \$1.00 net. Two new volumes ready October 15.

III. *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, rendered into English verse by EDWARD FITZGERALD, with a List of Editions and Versions in English. The present reprint gives the parallel texts of the First and Fourth English editions.

IV. *Felise*. A book of Lyrics chosen from the earlier poetical works of ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE including "Cleopatra," a poem omitted from all the collected works.

For the approaching Holiday Season a limited number of sets of the Bibelot Series have been put up in very attractive shape. The four volumes are daintily wrapped and sealed as usual, and then enclosed in cabinet style boxes silk-finish end-paper linings with color design. No extra charge is made for these boxes, and sets can be safely sent by mail to any address. Price per set, \$4.00 net.

THE ENGLISH REPRINT SERIES

The Edition is as follows: 400 Small Paper copies on Van Gelder's Hand-made Paper, done up in Japan vellum wrappers, uncut edges, numbered 1 to 400.

40 Large Paper copies (Post 4to), uncut edges, numbered 1 to 40.

10 Large Paper copies on Japan vellum, numbered 1 to 10, signed by publisher. No more copies will be printed.

The New Volume now ready.

III. *Robert Bridges*. *The Growth of Love*, with a brief and general consideration by LIONEL JOHNSON. Reprinted from the unique Oxford edition selling at £2.12.6 net, and which was strictly limited to 100 copies—practically out of the reach of the American book buyer. Small Paper, \$1.50 net; Large Paper, \$5.00 net; Japan Vellum, \$10.00 net.

Book-buyers are requested to send for my New List of Limited Editions, a choice little specimen of typework and paper.

Thomas B. Mosher, 37 Exchange St., Portland, Me.
(Mention THE CHAP BOOK.)

We commend it to the lovers of good fiction.—*The Independent*.

A collection of exceptionally bright, well-told tales, enjoyable to read and pleasant to remember.—*Hartford Courant*.

Light, humorous, clever, well-written, and not without mental pabulum of a far from useless kind.—*The Critic*.

These stories of Mr. Meekins have every aid of the printer's art and deserve it as good food deserves good sauce.—*Baltimore Sun*.

There is a distinct quality about these stories.—*Literary World*.

THE ROBB'S ISLAND WRECK

and Other Stories

By LYNN R. MEEKINS

There are eight of these stories: "The Robb's Island Wreck"—a human story of great virility.—*Chicago Herald*. "Two Booms"—a sketch of much vigor and directness of aim.—*The Nation*. "In The Early Christmas Morning,"—a pretty though old-fashioned story.—*New York Tribune*. "The Colonel's Call,"—worthy of being used as a political tract.—*New York Mail and Express*. "The Nomination," "The Opening Gun," "The Election," "A New Deal,"—these four, showing the gradual progress of a man from the private station to the position of the clerk of the court, are very well done and would make an excellent political tract.—*Boston Herald*. Excellent illustrations of the tricks in trade in American politics. They tell a great deal of truth and tell it by the most entertaining methods.—*Chicago Inter Ocean*. Gad will go far in politics.—*The Critic*. The series of political sketches in this book is of the first class.—*Chicago Journal*. Particularly true to life and so well filled with incident and subtle humor that they make delightful reading.—*Brooklyn Standard Union*.

He shows in all his stories a good understanding of his people.—*Springfield Republican*.

The stories are capital.—*Boston Advertiser*.

American subjects from a peculiarly American point of view and written in a brisk and telling way.—*New York Times*.

There are wholesome rounds of laughter lurking all through the pages.—*Literary Weekly*.

If Mr. Meekins can keep up the pace he has struck in his first volume he will always find readers.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

16mo. 192 pages. Cloth. \$1.

STONE & KIMBALL, Chicago.

FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON
Messrs. **STONE & KIMBALL'S BOOKS**

THE WORKS OF
EDGAR ALLAN POE

Newly collected, edited, and, for the first time, revised after
the author's final manuscript corrections, by

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

AND

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

With many portraits, fac-similes, and pictures by

ALBERT EDWARD STERNER

*In Ten Volumes. Price, \$15.00 a Set, or Separately,
\$1.50 per Volume.*

This is the only complete edition of Poe's works. The entire writings have been revised; innumerable errors have been corrected; quotations have been verified; and the work now stands for the first time as Poe wished it to stand. The editors contribute a memoir, critical introductions, and notes; the variorum texts are given, and new matter has been added. The portraits include several which have never appeared in book-form before, and the printing has been carefully done at the University Press, in Cambridge, on specially made deckled edge paper. In fine, the edition aims to be definitive, and is intended alike for the librarian, the student, and the book-lover.

The Green Tree Library

Ibsen's New Play

Messrs. Stone & Kimball are pleased to announce that they have secured Ibsen's new play. It will form one of the issues of the "Green Tree Library," and will appear before Christmas.

Vistas

By **WILLIAM SHARP**. 600 copies, printed at the University Press on laid paper. 16mo., cloth. Price, \$1.25, net.

"It would be superfluous to commend the high merit of such writing as this. And such as this, much else in the book also is. It is a book of rare excellence and real charm; a book to be read and re-read until the vistas beyond vistas, which it contains, have revealed their full beauty and significance."—The Academy.

The Plays of Maurice Maeterlinck

"Princess Maleine," "The Intruder," "The Blind," "The Seven Princesses." Translated by **RICHARD HOVEY**, with an introductory essay on Symbolism and cover design—"The Green Tree"—by **Henry McCarter**. Printed at the University Press on laid paper. 600 copies. 16mo., cloth. Price, \$1.25, net.

In preparation

The Poems of Paul Verlaine. (Other Volumes to follow.)

STONE & KIMBALL, Chicago.

FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

Messrs. **STONE & KIMBALL'S BOOKS**

SECOND EDITION

FIFTH THOUSAND

THE EBB-TIDE

A Trio and Quartette

By **ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON** and **LLOYD OSBOURNE**. Cloth,
\$1.25.

SATURDAY REVIEW: "There are few pages—there is, certainly, not one incident of the narrative—which do not clearly reveal the creative genius and literary craftsmanship of Mr. Stevenson. The book is, in short, intensely Stevensonian....In force of deliniation, in subtlety of revelation,—both of character and the motive-springs of action,—and in piquancy of dialogue, the book is as characteristic of Mr. Stevenson's art as any that he has set his name to....No one, we think, who takes up **THE EBB-TIDE**, will put it away until the last page is reached, so irresistible is the charm of the vivid and picturesque narrative."

Third Edition

A June RomanceBy **NORMAN GALE**. With title-page and tail-piece by Basil Johnson.
16mo., \$1.00

New Edition

Pierre and His PeopleTales of the Far North. By **GILBERT PARKER**. Printed at the University Press on laid paper. 318 pages. 16mo., cloth, \$1.25.

Third Edition

His Broken SwordA Novel. By **WINNIE LOUISE TAYLOR**. Introduction by Edward Everett Hale. 12mo., 355 pages, cloth, \$1.25.

Third Edition

The Building of the City BeautifulA Romance. By **JOAQUIN MILLER**. 16mo., 192 pages, cloth, \$1.50.

Third Edition

The Holy Cross, and Other TalesBy **EUGENE FIELD**. With decorations by L. J. Rhead. 16mo., 192 pages, cloth, \$1.25.

Eleventh Edition

Main-Travelled RoadsSix Stories of the Mississippi Valley. By **HAMLIN GARLAND**. With an introduction by W. D. Howells. Illustrated. 16mo., 252 pages, buckram \$1.25.**STONE & KIMBALL, Chicago.**

FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

Messrs. STONE & KIMBALL'S BOOKS

In Russet and Silver

Poems by EDMUND GOSSE. Printed at the University Press on English laid paper. 16mo., \$1.25, net. Also 75 copies on large paper, numbered from 1 to 10 (Japanese Vellum), at \$6.00, and 11 to 75 (English handmade), at \$3.50.

Arthur O'Shaughnessy

His life and his work, with selections from his poems. By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. With a portrait from a drawing by August F. Jaccaci. Printed at the De Vinne Press on English laid paper. 450 copies. 18mo. Price \$1.25. Also 60 numbered copies on Holland handmade paper (only 50 being for sale) at \$3.50.

A Country Muse

By NORMAN GALE. First series. A new and revised edition, including several poems which were not in the original publication. Crown 8vo., \$1.25.

Lincoln's Grave

A poem by MAURICE THOMPSON. With a title-page by George H. Lowell. Printed at the University Press. 16mo. Price, \$1.00.

"His art is well nigh perfect, and we are sure that the exalted patriotism of the poem will awake hearty response and acclaim wherever it may be read."—Indianapolis News.

Sonnets of the Wingless Hours

By EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON. Square 16mo., 115 pages. Price, \$1.00.

"The book seems to me the most noteworthy of its kind which has appeared since the publication of William Watson's 'Epigrams,' in 1884." —ARTHUR STEDMAN, in *The Dial*.

The Land of Heart's Desire

A play by W. B. YEATS. With a frontispiece by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley. Printed at the University Press. 16mo. Price, \$1.00.

A charming little poem by one of the cleverest of the younger English poets. It was first produced at the Avenue Theatre, London, in March, 1884.

When Hearts Are Trumps

Verses by TOM HALL. Third edition. With decorations by Will H. Bradley. 18mo., \$1.25.

Sonnets and Other Poems

By GEORGE SANTAYANA. With a title-page designed by the author. Printed at the University Press on laid paper. 16mo. Buckram. Price, \$1.25.

STONE & KIMBALL, Chicago.

FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

Messrs. **STONE & KIMBALL'S BOOKS**

NEARLY READY

Old Pictures of Life

By **DAVID SWING**

With an Introduction by **FRANKLIN H. HEAD.**

In two volumes. 16mo., \$1.00.

A collection of Professor Swing's best Essays, many of them read before the Chicago Literary Club—and now for the first time published. They treat of subjects of all ages—from a splendid review of Homer's *Odyssey*—"An Old Picture of Life"—to "Linda Mellet"—a sensational nov-elette of the end of the century. They are nearly all literary and represent the most lasting and serious part of Professor Swing's work.

CRUMBLING IDOLS

By **HAMLIN GARLAND.** Twelve Essays on Art, dealing chiefly with Literature, Painting and the Drama. Printed at the University Press. 16mo. \$1.25.

"A collection of some of Mr. Garland's essays, which attracted so much attention on their appearance in magazine form. They are on various topics, 'New Fields of Art,' 'The Future of Fiction,' 'The Drift of the Drama,' 'The Influence of Ibsen,' 'Impressionism in Painting,' 'Local Color in Fiction,' 'Literary Centres and Literary Masters,' and so forth."

STONE & KIMBALL, Chicago.

THREE NOTEWORTHY BOOKS.

By MARGUERITE BOUVET

MY LADY. A Tale of Long Ago. With illustrations and cover design by Helen and Margaret Armstrong. 16mo., \$1.25.

"Perhaps no woman is so beloved of women readers as Marguerite Bouvet. 'My Lady' is a quaint, prim and lofty little novel, old with the filmy, aristocratic antiquity which hangs in the web of point lace and gobelin tapestries. It is a poem in prose, after the manner of Mendelssohn's 'Songs Without Words' and the charming story is exquisitely told with a sincere, plain gentleness which adds years of worth to the telling of it.... It is engaging to note the Armstrong fidelity to Bouvet, the times, the color and locality written about."—AMY LESLIE, in *The Chicago News*

By ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER

ENGLAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Uniform with "France in the Nineteenth Century" and "Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century." Beautifully illustrated with twenty-seven full-page, half-tone portraits of distinguished people. 8vo., \$2.50.

"It is a book which for interesting, comprehensive survey of events, done into thoroughly enjoyable form cannot be too highly commended. Not for the learned student of historical details, but for the intelligent masses of reading people, Mrs. Latimer writes, taking no knowledge for granted, but telling her whole story with simple explicitness and charming ease."—*The Interior*, Chicago.

"Mrs. Latimer has already created an audience with her former books of historic interest, 'France in the Nineteenth Century' and 'Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century.' She has a most pleasing style and makes a story of history."—JEANNETTE L. GILDER, in the *Chicago Tribune*.

By G. P. A. HEALY

REMINISCENCES OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER. With portraits of Lincoln, Grant, Pope Pius IX., Webster, Thiers, Gambetta, Liszt, and others, after the original paintings by Mr. Healy. 12mo., \$1.50.

"A capital autobiography and a real multum in parvo in point of anecdotal good things. Mr. Healy, as the world knows, was a master of the brush, and his book shows that he could wield the pen with a fluent neatness that might put many a professed writer to the blush.... The book is prettily gotten up, and the many portraits after originals by Mr. Healy form an element of decided interest."—*The Dial*.

"It is without doubt the most fascinating book of reminiscences that has been published for a long while."—*The Boston Times*.

For sale by booksellers generally, or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of the price by the publishers,

A. C. McCLURG & Co., Chicago.

Books for the Holiday Season

Colonial Days and Dames

By ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON, author of "Through Colonial Doorways. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth extra, \$1.25. *Edition de Luxe*, limited to the number of subscribers.

The extraordinary success of "Through Colonial Doorways" has caused the authoress to prepare another book on the same lines, which, like it, deals with colonial personages and incidents. The *Edition de Luxe* will be profusely illustrated by portraits and sketches, while the small paper edition has the necessary number of illustrations to make a delightful Christmas gift.

The Colonial Library

COLONIAL DAYS AND DAMES. THROUGH COLONIAL DOORWAYS. Two volumes. 12mo. In box, \$2.50.

The Birds About Us

By CHARLES CONRAD ABBOTT, M. D., author of "Recent Rambles," "Travels in a Tree-Top," etc. Illustrated with upward of seventy-five Bird Portraits. 1 volume. 12mo. Cloth, \$2.00.

For every lover of birds. It is written in a familiar and genial style, and is not burdened with technicalities, while being accurate in every particular.

Madonna and Other Poems

By HARRISON S. MORRIS. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth extra, \$2.00.

This is the first collected edition of the author's poems, many of which have never previously appeared in print. The edition is *printed from type*, and limited to 750 copies for America and England.

My First Book

The First Literary Experience of twenty-three Notable Authors. With an Introduction by JEROME K. JEROME. Profusely Illustrated. 8vo. Cloth, \$2.50.

Tom Cringle's Log

By MICHAEL SCOTT. 2 volumes. 16mo. Cloth, \$2.00; half calf or half morocco, \$4.50.

Cruise of the "Midge"

By MICHAEL SCOTT. 2 volumes. 16mo. Cloth, \$2.00; half calf or half morocco, \$4.50.

"Two books, which we never fail to peruse every year are 'Tom Cringle's Log' and the 'Cruise of the Midge,' in which humor and pathos, the most gorgeous descriptions, and the most thrilling narratives so marvellously intermingled."—*London City Journal*.

J. B. Lippincott Company, Publishers,
PHILADELPHIA.

Books for the Holiday Season

Napoleon at Home

The Daily Life of the Emperor at the Tuilleries. By FREDERICK MASSON. With twelve full page Illustrations by F. DE MYRBACH. 2 volumes. 8vo. \$7.50.

"These two handsome volumes form an addition to Napoleonic literature which perfectly accords with the fashion of the present day and the taste which delights in domestic revelations concerning great personalities"
—*London Daily Telegraph*.

Napoleon and the Fair Sex

By FREDERICK MASSON. With Numerous Illustrations in the best style of the French Art. 1 volume. 8vo. \$5.00.

Memoirs of Count Lavalettee

Adjutant and Private Secretary to Napoleon and Postmaster-General under the Empire. With Portraits. 12mo. Cloth, \$3.00; large paper edition, limited, \$6.00.

History of the French Revolution

By LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS, ex-Prime Minister of France. Translated, with Notes and Illustrations from the most authentic sources, by FREDERICK SHOBERL. *New Edition*, printed from new type, with forty-one Illustrations on Steel engraved by WILLIAM GREATBATCH. 5 volumes. 8vo. Cloth, \$3.00 per volume; half morocco, \$5.00 per volume.

This edition will be uniform with the *New Edition* of Thiers' "History of the Consulate and the Empire of France," and will be published in monthly volumes, commencing September, 1894. Subscriptions will be received for complete sets only by all booksellers and the publishers.

History of the Consulate and the Empire of France

By LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS, ex-Prime Minister of France. Translated from the French, with the sanction of the author, by D. FORBES CAMPBELL. AN entirely *New Edition*, printed from new type and Illustrated with thirty-six Steel Plates printed from the French originals. Now complete in 12 octavo volumes, with thirty-six Steel Plates. Cloth, \$36.00; half morocco, gilt top, \$60.00.

The only good edition of the English translation has long been out of print, and the present publishers, in connection with an English house, have brought out a limited edition to meet the demand of the libraries and book-buyer. The last volume of this sumptuous edition has just been issued.

J. B. Lippincott Company, Publishers,
PHILADELPHIA.

Books for the Holiday Season

Pen and Pencil Sketches

By HENRY STACY MARKS, R. A. With four Photogravure Plates and one hundred and twenty-four fac-simile Illustrations. 2 volumes. 8vo. Irish linen, gilt, \$8.00.

There will be included in the volume many unpublished drawings left by Fred. Walker, the remarkable young English artist, who is drawn by Du Maurier in the character of "Little Billee" of Trilby.

The Works of Laurence Sterne

Edited by GEORGE SAINTSBURY, with Illustrations by E. J. WHEELER. 6 volumes. 16mo. Cloth, \$6.00; half calf and half morocco, \$13.50. *Large-paper Edition*. 150 copies printed. 50 for America. 6 volumes. 8vo. Buckram, \$18.00.

Published in connection with Dent & Co., of London.

Corinne, of Italy

By MADAME DE STAEL. Translated. With an Introduction by GEORGE SAINTSBURY. Illustrated by H. S. GREIG. 2 volumes. 12mo. Cloth, \$2.00; half calf or half morocco, \$4.50. *Large-paper Edition*. 100 copies printed. 50 for America. 2 volumes. 8vo. Buckram, \$6.00.

Printed in connection with Dent & Co., of London.

The Sketch-Book

By WASHINGTON IRVING. *New Edition*. Illustrated with Engravings on Wood, from Original designs. 2 volumes. 8vo. Cloth extra, gilt top, \$4.00; half calf or half morocco, \$7.00.

The illustrations for this edition were made for the Artist Edition, the type is new, and the size is suitable for the library and the table, making the most desirable edition of this popular classic now published.

Early English Ballads

Chosen by BRIMLEY JOHNSON. Illustrated by W. CUBITT COOKE. Illustrated with about two hundred Illustrations. 4 volumes. 16mo. Cloth, \$5.00; half calf or half morocco, \$10.00.

Thomas A'Kempis's Imitation of Christ

Edited by CANON FARRAR. Illustrated by New and Quaint Illustrations. Illuminated with Initial Letters, making the most desirable Edition published. 16mo. Cloth, \$1.50; limp morocco, \$4.00.

J. B. Lippincott Company, Publishers,
PHILADELPHIA.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

*** * Our Holiday Catalogue Free on Application.**

*For the Reference Library, Clergymen, Lawyers,
Literary Workers, etc.*

Wood's Dictionary of Quotations.

From Ancient and Modern English and Foreign Sources. 30,000 references alphabetically arranged, and with an exhaustive subject Index. Demy 8vo., cloth, \$2.50; half-calf, gilt top, \$4.50.

** * Send for Prospectus and Press Notices.*

A NEW COLLECTION OF SHORT STORIES.

Quiet Stories from an Old Woman's Garden.

Silhouettes of English country life and character. By ALISON MCLEAN, author of "A Holiday in the Austrian Tyrol." With photogravure frontispiece. 12mo., cloth, \$1.25.

"Wholesome and refreshing enjoyment is afforded to the contemporary novel reader."—Daily Telegraph, London.

"Graceful and clear,....and all possessed of a pervasive charm."—Argonaut, San Francisco.

Now Ready. Suitably bound for wedding gifts, presentation, etc.

The Landsdowne Shakespeare.

In six volumes, pocket size, *printed on the finest India paper*, insuring the perfection of printing with compactness in shape and size, borders and title pages rubricated. In cloth, gilt tops, cased, \$8.00 per set. Spanish morocco in morocco case, \$15.00. Fine German calf, or real Turkey morocco, \$22.50.

TWO NEW BOOKS FOR BOYS.

Stirring Tales of Colonial Adventure. By SKIPP BORLASE, author of "Daring Deeds," etc., with page illustrations.

Crown 8vo., cloth, gilt, price, \$1.50.

Tales of Queensland, Australian Bushranging, exciting adventures in India, New Guinea, etc.

Ivanda; or, The Pilgrim's Quest. A tale of Thibet. By CAPTIAN CLAUDE BRAY. With illustrations. Square 8vo., cloth, \$1.50.

May be obtained of any bookseller, or will be sent free by mail, on receipt of price, by the publishers,

F. WARNE & CO., 3 Cooper Union, New York.

A BOOK LOVER'S BIBELOT.

MEDITATIONS IN MOTLEY: A Bundle of Papers imbued with the Sobriety of Midnight. By Walter Blackburn Harte.

This collection of Light, Gossipy Papers on Social and Literary Topics is one of the books of the season which all lovers of the Belles-Lettres will want to read. It is not a mere Christmas card, but a book of

PERMANENT LITERARY CHARM.

The work of a writer who does not belong to the School of the so-called New Humor, but is a Belated Humorist.

PRICE: CLOTH EXTRA, \$1.25.

For sale by all Booksellers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price to the Publishers.

The Arena Publishing Company

Copley Square, - - - - Boston, Mass.

Please mention *THE CHAP-BOOK*.



CELEBRATED HATS

. . . AND . . .

THE DUNLAP SILK UMBRELLA

SPECIAL . . . For Holiday Gifts

Silk Umbrellas and Gentlemen's Walking Sticks in great variety and, as to *designs and qualities*, the *most elegant* that can be produced.

PALMER HOUSE, Chicago.

Rand, McNally & Co.'s New Books

THE BIRTH OF A SOUL. By Mrs. A. PHILLIPS, author of "Man Proposes," etc. Rialto Series No. 65, 50 cents.

"The Birth of a Soul," which is called "a psychological study," is a book that should be bought and read, and then re-read and pondered over. It teaches many lessons without preaching one: it impresses many truths without being unduly insistent, and the lessons and truths are conveyed with such a delicate sense of the fitness of things that the flow of the narrative is never interrupted, nor is the interest of the reader in the story, as a story, broken into by the discovery that he is being taught and lectured whether he will it or no. Altogether it is quite one of the best books of the year.—Boston Times.

HIDDEN DEPTHS. By F. M. F. SKENE, with a preface by the renowned philanthropist, Wm. Shepherd Allen, Rialto Series No. 66, 50 cents.

A FLOWER OF FRANCE. A story of Old Louisiana. By MARAH ELLEN RAGAN, author of "Told in the Hills," "A Pagan of the Alleghenies," etc. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

The story is well told.—Herald, New York.

A very attractive volume.—Recorder, New York.

A Romance full of action and color.—World, New York.

A real romance—just the kind of romance one delights in.—Times, Boston.

Full of stirring incident and picturesque description.—Press, Philadelphia.

The interest holds the reader until the closing page.—Inter Ocean, Chicago.

Told with great fascination and brightness. * * * The general impression delightful. * * * Many thrilling scenes.—Herald, Chicago.

A clever story. * * * The author has done clever work before * * * but "A Flower of France" is her most effective novel.—Post, Chicago.

One of the most captivating stories of the day. The pages are replete with mystery, adventure, passion and chivalric incident.—Journal, Kansas City.

Vital and striking, and from cover to cover a thrilling story of passion and action.—Commercial, Memphis.

For Sale by all Booksellers.

Rand, McNally & Co., Publishers,

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.

All Great Artists Prefer and Use the

STEINWAY

If you desire to Rent or Purchase a FINE
and DURABLE Musical Instrument
visit the Warerooms of

LYON, POTTER & CO.,

Where you will find a Complete Assortment of

Steinway, A. B. Chase,
Voss & Sons, Kurtzmann,
and Sterling

PIANOS

Also the Famous . . .

ERARD HARPS, REGINA MUSIC BOXES,
VOCALIONS, for Churches, Lodges, etc.,
and Self-Playing SYMPHONY ORGANS.

PIANOS FOR RENT

TUNING . . .

LYON, POTTER & CO.,

174 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Received for all Newspapers and Magazines, wherever published.

You will always find here the largest display of periodicals and paper novels in the city. Inspection invited.

C. W. CURRY,

75 So. State Street, - - - CHICAGO.

IMPORTERS

OF

Books, Newspapers and Magazines.
Subscriptions Received for any Publication
in the World.

CHARLES MACDONALD & CO.

55 Washington St. - - - Chicago
Magazines, size of Harper's, bound for 60 cents.

A BOOK-LOVER

might profit himself by a visit to the Book-Shop,
located in Madison Street at No. 169, Chicago.

Should his concerns interfere, a catalogue will be mailed
upon request.

F. M. MORRIS, *Bibliopole.*

Old Books

GEORGE P. HUMPHREY,



25 Exchange Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Catalogues Issued.

The Camelot Press, Chicago

THE
Chap-Book
SEMI-MONTHLY

Contents for March 1, 1895

LITTLE LYRICS OF JOY—I	BLISS CARMAN
R. L. S.—SOME EDINBURGH NOTES	
	EVE BLANTYRE SIMPSON
PORTRAIT OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON	
PORTRAIT OF STEVENSON'S FATHER	
THE DOLOROUS KNIGHT	WILL H. BRADLEY
A POET'S LESSON	ARTHUR MACY
"DEAD AGIN FITTIN'"	KATHERINE BATES
NOTES	
BOOKS RECEIVED	
ANNOUNCEMENTS	

PRICE 5 CENTS

\$1.00 A YEAR

Published by
Stone & Kimball
Chicago

"Mirabeau stands out as the central figure of the times; the Greatest Statesman of France."

The . . .

French Revolution.

Tested by Mirabeau's Career.

*Twelve Lectures on the History of the French Revolution, delivered
at the Lowell Institute, Boston, Mass.,*

By Dr Hermann E. Von Holst.

At the invitation of the trustees of the Lowell Institute of Boston, Hermann E. von Holst, Professor of History in the University of Chicago, gave a summary of his reflections on the causes of the French Revolution, as tested by Mirabeau's career.

LECTURE HEADINGS.

- I. The Heritage of Louis XIV. and Louis XV
- II. Paris and Versailles.
- III. Mending the Old Garment with New Cloth.
- IV. The Revolution before the Revolution.
- V. A Typical Family Tragedy of Portentous Historical Import.
- VI. The States-General.
- VII. "The Party of One Man."
- VIII. The 5th and 6th of October, 1789, and the Memoir of the 15th.
- IX. The Decisive Defeat of November 7th.
- X. Other Defeats and Mischievous Victories.
- XI. Mirabeau and the Court.
- XII. The End. A Unique Tragedy.

* * All questions which, for the general public, are perhaps the most difficult to understand, are lucidly and graphically discussed. Such a mass of information and suggestion is condensed into each of these lectures that no extracts would adequately represent their character.

Printed at the Riverside Press, on hand-made English paper, uncut edges. Two volumes, 12mo; price, \$3.50 net.

CALLAGHAN & CO., Chicago, Ill.

LITTLE LYRICS OF JOY—I



WIND and stars, I am with you now;
And ports of day, Good-bye!
When my captain Love puts out to sea,
His Mariner am I.

I set my shoulder to the prow,
And launch from the pebbly shore.
The tide pulls out, and hints of time
Blow in from the cool sea floor.

My sheering sail is a swift white wing
Crowding the gloom with haste;
I scud through the large and solemn world,
And skim the wan gray waste.

O stars and wind, be with me now;
And ports of night, draw near!
No sooner the longed for seamark shines,
Than the very dark grows dear.

BLISS CARMAN.

R. L. S.—SOME EDINBURGH NOTES

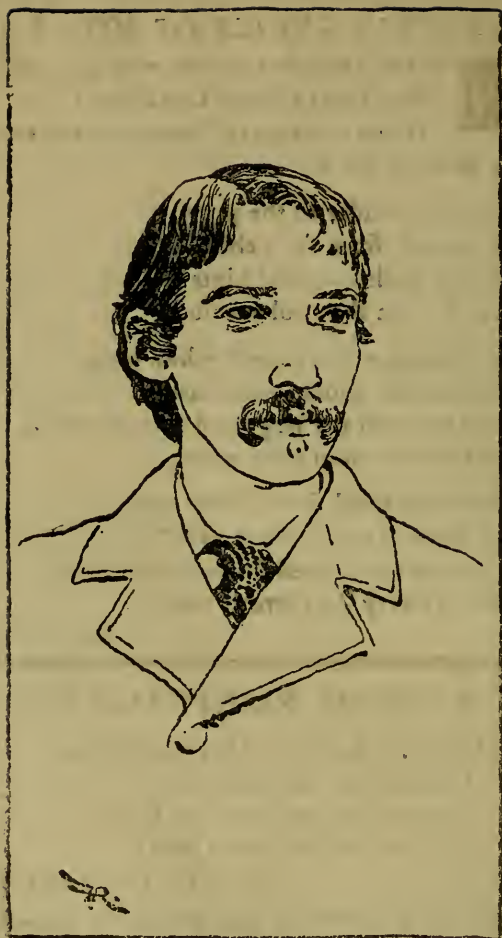
*"Give me again all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone!
Give me the eyes, give me the soul,
Give me the lad that's gone!"*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



LOUIS STEVENSON was born in 8 Howard Place,
then an outlying suburban street between Edin-
burgh and the sea; and the substantial but unpre-
tending house with its small plot of garden in front will

Copyright 1895, by STONE & KIMBALL.



doubtless be visited with interest in future by those who like to look on the birthplaces of famous men.

17 Heriot Row, on one of Edinburgh's level terraces between the steep hills, "from which you see a perspective of a mile or so of falling street," became his home before he was out of velvet tunics and socks, but as his mother was delicate, they lived when the weather was genial "in the green lap of the Rutland Hills," at Swanston, a few miles from Edinburgh. He, however, spent his winters at Heriot Row, when he grew into an Academy boy, though not a specially brilliant scholar. His doubtful health would often stand as an excuse, when the rain splattered on the panes, or the square gardens opposite were hid in a scowling "haur," for the small Louis to remain and "Child Play" beside his pretty mother. No doubt, too, the truant spirit was strong within him when he trotted down hill to school, "rasping his clachan* on the area railings" as he made an Edinburgh hero of his do. We first knew Louis Stevenson when his school days and teens were past, and he was facing what he called "the equinoctial gales of youth," and beginning to put his self-taught art of writing into print. He had great railings against his native town in these days, which were somewhere in the heart of the seventies. The "meteorological purgatory" of its climate embittered him, as his frail frame suffered sorely from the bleak blasts. He vowed his fellow townsmen had a list to one side by reason of having to struggle against the East wind. He gave his spleen vent in *Picturesque Notes of Edinburgh*, yet by way of apology he says, "the place establishes an interest in people's hearts; go where they will, they find no city of the same distinction, go where they will, they take a pride in their old home." No one could clothe the historical tales of Edinburgh in more graphic words than this slim son of hers.

* A clachan is a wooden racket Edinburgh Academy boys play ball with.

Often he would talk thereon, and he speaks of his joy, as a lad, in finding "a nugget of cottages at Broughton;" and any bit of old village embedded in the modern town, he espied and rejoiced over. He would frequently drop in to dinner with us, and of an evening he had the run of our smoking-room. After 10 P. M., when a stern old servant went to bed, the "open sesame" to our door was a rattle on the letter-box. He liked this admittance by secret sign, and we liked to hear his special rat-a-tat, for we knew we would then enjoy an hour or two of talk which, he said, "is the harmonious speech of two or more, and is by far the most accessible of pleasures." He always adhered to the same dress for all entertainments, a shabby, short, velveteen jacket, a loose, Byronic, collared shirt (for a brief space he adopted black flannel ones), and meagre, shabby-looking trousers. His straight hair he wore long, and he looked like an unsuccessful artist, or a poorly-clad but eager student. He was then fragile in figure and, to use a Scottish expression, *shilpit* looking. There is no English equivalent for *shilpit*, being lean, starvling, ill-thriven, in one. His dark, bright eyes were his most noticeable and attractive feature; wide apart, almost Japanese in their shape, and above them a fine brow.

He was pale and sallow, and there was a foreign, almost gipsy look about him, despite his long-headed Scotch ancestry. In the *Inland Voyage*, he complains, he "never succeeded in persuading a single official abroad of his nationality." I do not wonder he was suspected of being a spy with false passports, for he had a very un-British smack about him; but, slim and pinched-looking though he was, he still commanded notice by his unique appearance and his vivacity of expression. His manners, too, had a foreign air with waving gestures, elaborate bows, and a graceful nimbleness of action.

By our library fire, on the winter evenings, he planned the

canoe trip with my brother, and told us in the following season how the record of this *Inland Voyage* progressed. He was also laying future plans for a further trip, as he said, smiling with fun, with another donkey,—this time to the Cavennes. After the *Inland Voyage*, Louis was full of a project to buy a barge and saunter through the canals of Europe, Venice being the far-off terminus. A few select shareholders in this scheme were chosen, mostly artists, for the barge plan was projected in the mellow autumnal days at Fontainebleau Forest, where artists abounded. Robert A. Stevenson, Louis's cousin, then a wielder of the brush, was to be of the company. He, too, though he came of the shrewd Scottish civil engineer stock, had, like his kinsman, a foreign look and a strong touch of Bohemianism in him. He, also, with these alien looks, had his cousin's attractive power of speech and fertile imagination. The barge company were then all in the hey-day of their youth. They were to paint fame-enduring pictures, as they leisurely sailed through life and Europe, and when bowed, grey-bearded, bald-headed men, they were to cease their journeyings at Venice. There, before St. Marks, a crowd of clamorously eager picture dealers and lovers of art were to be waiting to purchase the wonderful work of the wanderers. The scene in the piazza of St. Marks on the barge's arrival, and the excited throng of anxious buyers, the hoary-headed artists, tottering under the weight of canvases, was pictured in glowing colors by their author, when the forest was smelling of the "ripe breath of autumn." The barge was purchased, but bankruptcy presently stared its shareholders in the face. The picture dealers of that day were not thirsting to buy shareholders' pictures. The man of the pen had only ventured on an *Inland Voyage*, and as yet no golden harvest for his work lined the pockets of his velveteen coat. The barge was arrested and, with it, the canoes which have earned an ever-

lasting fame through the "Arethusa's" pen. They were rescued, the barge sold and the company wound up.

We saw most of Louis Stevenson in winter, when studies and rough weather held him in Edinburgh. In summer he was off to the country, abroad, or yachting on the West coast, for in his posthumous song he truly says :

"Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye."

As a talker by the winter's fireside in these unknown-to-fame days, we give him the crown for being the king of speakers. His reading, his thoughts thereon, his plans, he described with a graphic and nimble tongue, accompanied by the queer flourishing gesticulations and the "speaking gestures" of his thin, sensitive hands. We teased him unmercifully for his peculiarities in dress and manner. It did not become a youth of his years, we held, to affect a bizarre style, and he held he lived in a free country, and could exercise his own taste at will. Nothing annoyed him more than to affirm his shabby clothes, his long cloak, which he wore instead of an orthodox great coat, were eccentricities of genius. He certainly liked to be noticed, for he was full of the self-absorbed conceit of youth. If he was not the central figure, he took what we called Stevensonian ways of attracting notice to himself. He would spring up full of a novel notion he had to expound (and his brain teemed with them), or he vowed he could not speak trammelled by a coat, and asked leave to talk in his shirt sleeves. For all these mannerisms he had to stand a good deal of chaff, which he never resented, though he vehemently defended himself or fell squashed for a brief space in a limp mass into a veritable back seat.

Looking back through the mellowing vista of years these little eccentric whims were all very harmless and guileless,



and I own we were hard on the susceptible lad, but, as we told him, it was for his good, and if he had been like ourselves, with a band of brothers, egotisms would have been stamped out in the nursery. He would, after a severe shower of chaff, put out his cigarette, wind himself in his cloak and silently, with an elaborate bow, go off; but to his credit be it said, he bore no ill will. His very sensitiveness was to his tormentors conceit. He wrote of himself later that he was "a very humble-minded youth, though it was a virtue he never had much credit for." He is credited now with it, for as the then "unchartered desert of the future" lies mapped out, we see that his fantastic ways were not affectations, but second nature, to which the life he chose in the subtle south was an appropriate setting. We never, though we giped him sorely, found fault with his enthusiasm; it was so infectious and refreshing. He was always brimful of new ideas, new ventures, full of sweeping changes, a rabid radical, a religious doubter; though with him, as with many others, there was more "belief in honest doubt than half their creeds." He had an almost child-like fund of insatiable curiosity. He thirsted to know how it would feel to be in other people's shoes, from those of a king to a beggar, and he smoked on the hearth rug an endless succession of cigarettes and put his imaginations thereof into words.

He was very sore and somewhat rebellious over writing not being considered a profession, and having to bend to his good father in so far as to join the Scottish bar. For long "R. L. Stevenson, Advocate," was on the door-plate of 17 Heriot Row. The Parliament House saw him seldom, never therein to practice his bewigged profession. We frightened him much by avowing that a clerk was hunting for him, and even the rich library below the trampling advocate's feet could not wile him into the old Hall for some

time after that false scare. He also heard he had been dubbed "That Gifted Boy and the New Chatterton" by an idle legal wit. That name more nearly persuaded him to have his hair shorn to an orthodox length than any other entreaty. Like all people with character, he had animosities, but he was very just and tolerant in belaboring an adversary with his tongue, which, considering he was in the full bloom of the critical self-satisfiedness of youth, showed a just mind and kindliness of heart. Some people, whose stupid dullness he had fallen foul of and had hurled some sarcasms at, he next, in his queer inquisitive way, fell to wondering what it would be like to be inside their torpid minds and view things from their dead level. He was fond of travel, of boating, of walking tours, but he was no sportsman, and not even a lover of the Gentle Art. Though his friends were all golfers (and golf then was mostly confined to Scotland), I do not think he ever took a club in hand. His eyes, when outside, were wholly occupied enjoying his surroundings and painting them in words. "Even in the thickest of our streets," he noted, "the country hill tops find out a young man's eyes and set his heart beating for travel and pure air." He loved to wander round his native city. Duddingstone was one favorite haunt, Queensferry was another, and the Hawes Inn there, now grown into a villafied hotel, with the hawthorne hedges still in its garden, had attractions for him. From it Davie Balfour was "kidnapped," and Rest-And-Be-Thankful on Corstorphine Hill, where Allan and Davie part after their adventures, we often walked to on Sundays, and all the while he was busy talking and full of plans and projects. The Jekyll and Hyde plot he had in his brain, and told us of in those days. Burke and Hare had a fascination for him. A novel called the *Great North Road* was another plot in his mind. His *Virginibus Puerisque* is dedicated to W. E. Henley, of whom I heard Stevenson

speaking when he had first discovered him an invalid in the Edinburgh Infirmary. He came in glowing with delight at the genius he had found and began ransacking our shelves for books for him. A few days later he was bristling with indignation because some people who visited the sick objected to the advanced and foreign literary food Stevenson had fed his new acquaintance on, and left a new supply of tract literature in their stead. In the preface of *Virginibus Puerisque*, which is dedicated to Mr. Henley, Stevenson says: "These papers are like milestones on the wayside of my life." To those who knew him in these past days to re-read these papers seem to travel the same road again in the same good company. They recall the slight, boyish-looking youth they knew, and to those who live under the stars which Stevenson thought shone so bright—the Edinburgh street lamps—he was not so much the famous author, but the sympathetic comrade, the unique, ideal talker we welcomed of yore. As he truly said, "The powers and the ground of friendship are a mystery, but looking back I can discern in part we loved the thing he was, for some shadow of what he was to be."

EVE BLANTYRE SIMPSON.

A POET'S LESSON.

POET, my master, come, tell me true,
And how are your verses made?
Ah! that is the easiest thing to do:—
You take a cloud of a silvern hue,
A tender smile or a sprig of rue,
With plenty of light and shade.

And weave them round in syllables rare,
 With grass and skill divine ;
With the the earnest words of a pleading prayer,
With a cadence caught from a dulcet air,
A tale of love and a lock of hair,
 Or a bit of a trailing vine.

Or delving deep in a mine unwrought,
 You find in the teeming earth
The golden vein of noble thought ;
The soul of a statesman still unbought,
Or a patriot's cry with anguish fraught
 For the land that gave him birth.

A brilliant youth who has lost his way
 On the winding road of life ;
A sculptor's dream of the plastic clay ;
A painter's soul in a sunset ray ;
The sweetest thing a woman can say,
 Or a struggling nation's strife.

A boy's ambition ; a maiden's star,
 Unrisen, but yet to be ;
A glimmering light that shines afar,
For a sinking ship on a moaning bar ;
An empty sleeve ; a veteran's scar,
 Or a land where men are free

And if the poet's hand be strong
To weave the web of a deathless song,
And if a master guide the pen
To words that reach the hearts of men,
And if the ear and touch be true,
It's the easiest thing in the world to do !

ARTHUR MACY



THE DOLOROUS KNIGHT

WILL H. BRADLEY

From The Inland Printer

"DEAD AGIN FITTIN'."

FOR one long minute Matsy Delihanty hung by her elbows on the top of the high board fence closing in the yard back of O'Flaherty's saloon—a minute of great bodily agony to her, but of fully as great mental pleasure.

"Hit him agin, Pete," she called in her wild shrill tones, and the boys around the sluggers cheered her gaily; then her elbows gave out and she dropped back to the ash heap in the alley. As she turned reluctantly towards the back-yard of her own tenement she was amazed to find herself confronting Mr. Ephraim Brown, the theological student, who had charge of the Presbyterian Mission around the corner.

"Blessed if it aint you!" she gasped.

Mr. Brown looked at her sadly, and his voice was very plaintive as he said:

"And *you*, Matsy? Is n't that a fight over there?"

"Yep, they are fittin'," she said defiantly, "and its boss fittin' Pete O'Brien is doin', too!" She warmed to her subject as the memory of Pete's strong right arm came back vividly, and she added: "I tell yer, the way Peter ken slug is jis' grand! You'd orter seen that last round, Mr. Brown—no fancy tricks fur Pete, but jis' old timey licks that 'ud knock out any feller in Chicago in no time 't all."

"And *you*," said young Mr. Brown dolefully, "you, Matsy Delihanty, the oldest girl in my Bible class, are spending the Sabbath afternoon watching rough men fight like brutes in the back yard of a saloon?"

Matsy hung her head, and twisted her thin fingers together nervously, or at least with the appearance of nervousness.

"Yep," she said, "that 'un you are mentioning is me

straight enough—and the worst of the biz, Mr. Brown, is jis' this, that I don't know as I'd have grace enough to keep off the fence when there was fittin' on 't other side if I went to a Bible class twenty million vears—not even if 't was yore'n!”

She raised her great gray eyes humbly as she confessed her weakness, and in spite of himself Mr. Ephraim Brown blushed as he met the appealing glance from under the black lashes. Of late being confessed to by Matsy Delihanty had often embarrassed him, and he went into the kitchen with her hurriedly, with no further comment on her sinful way of passing the Sabbath.

“I dropped in to see how your rheumatism was,” he said to the old man who sat over the stove in spite of the warmth of the early Spring day.

Matsy's father growled a little in reply. To be sure, he was done with priests, but that was no reason for taking up with Presbyterian ministers. He had decided that he and Matsy were to be free thinkers—“not afeard of no Divil nor nobody, me and my gurrles” was his creed nowadays—and Matsy's sudden “shine” towards orthodoxy was very annoying to him. He, therefore, made no pretense of being glad to see his girl's pastor, and even denied himself the keen pleasure of telling how bad his rheumatism was, so after a few awkward moments the young fellow rose to go. Matsy walked down the long hall of the tenement with him, after giving one indignant glance back at her father as they left the room. They paused for a moment on the front steps, and Brown looked down almost shyly at the slim little figure by him.

“Matsy,” he said, “I wish you would n't go to fights, or have anything to do with such coarse, rough fellows as that Pete O'Brien.”

“Cut Pete?” said Matsy, her meekness vanishing at

once. "Not if this is Matsy Delihanty a talkin'! Pete's all right, and if bein' a Presbyterian means goin' back on old friends, then I'm out of the church and back with Dad, though he aint deservin' to have me stick to him that can't be dacint to his gurr'l's comp'ny! I'm goin' to the dance with Pete tomorrer night, anyhow, so cuttin' aint in order jis' now."

She flung out her words boldly, but her eyes showed that she was not altogether at ease.

"Going to the dance with him?" said Brown. The color swept over his boyish face. "Oh, do n't, Matsy."

Matsy looked down, her long lashes concealing the expression in her eyes. "I've told you all along, Mr. Brown," she said, "that I wa'n't in religion any too deep."

The boy flushed even a brighter red. He stepped back in the doorway and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Matsy," he said hurriedly, "if you won't stay away from that ball for the sake of the church won't you to—to please a friend?"

Matsy caught her breath. "But Pete"—she began tremulously.

"Send Pete to me if he makes a row," Brown cried fiercely. He touched her cheek with his other hand and made her look up at him. "You'd never care for a fellow like that," he said positively.

Steps on the stair above them made Matsy pull away and give him a little push towards the door. "Yes," she said, as the woman from the rooms above came tramping down the stairway, surveying the slender young man with marked curiosity, "yes, I'll be at the Bible class shure next Sunday, Mr. Brown."

He did not move, and she turned unconcernedly towards her own quarters. When the woman had gone out on the street she added softly, "and mebbe I wont be at—other

concerns.” Then she scudded away to give Dad the richly deserved scolding.

Ephraim Brown walked down the street with his heart beating racingly. “It’s my place to look out for my flock,” he said to himself, but when he was in his room above the Mission Hall he flung up both his windows and then tramped the little room fiercely.

“If a fellow is going to spend his life in the slums—working to save souls—what better help could he have than a wife right from the people, one who is in touch with them? Why, it would double, triple, *quadruple* his influence and power for good!”

Over and over he said such words as these, saying them as defiantly as if the father and mother, who perhaps would have to hear them some day, were at hand now. Then his fierce mood died away and he sat down by his table and took up his Bible, dropping from it slips of paper, on one side of which references to texts were written and on the other “Matsy.”

“She’s my first convert,” he said tenderly. “The ‘profs.’ are right—there is no joy like saving souls. ‘Matsy,’ ‘Matsy,’ and she does care for religion, wild as she talks, and she does care for”—he broke off, but sat with a half smile on his face, marking idly on the papers, below Matsy’s name, “love,” “love.”

Suddenly he gave a little start. “I must not decide such a matter without long hours of prayer, and much counselling with others,” he said in the tones which were usually reserved for his Wednesday night prayer-meeting. On the slip of paper he wrote, in front of the word love, two other words—“God is;” and then he took down a volume of sermons and began at the very beginning—and ended there, too, for that matter.

The next afternoon he was again alone in his room, when

suddenly there came a thundering knock at his door, and in marched Pete O'Brien, with his face red and his eyes blazing.

Brown sprang to his feet, and pushed his Bible away. His eyes, too, were blazing, and he did not wait for Pete to announce the reason for his visit.

"I suppose you've come," he began fiercely, but the burly fellow interrupted him.

"And you s'pose right," he said. "I've kem to break that blasted head of yore's."

"You may n't find that as easy a job as you expect," said Brown jerking off his coat. Preacher or no preacher he was not going to let a half drunken Irishman insult him.

"It's the gurrl I've kem to talk about," said Pete. "She aint fur sayin' why she won't keep her wurrd fur to-night, but the ould chap sez it's you and your tarnation Bible class as is at the bottom of the whole mess. I aint set on lickin' yer, but that's what I'm afther doin' if you don't git it in yore noddle pretty quick that Matsy's the gurrl I'm goin' to marry!"

Brown threw the table out of the way, and went at the big fellow. "You old idiot," he thundered, "Matsy's the girl *I'm* going to marry!"

They fell upon each other with full as much vim as if they had been in O'Flaherty's back-yard on a Sunday afternoon—but meanwhile the door had opened and Matsy had walked in.

"And I tell yer," she called in her shrillest tones, "that the chap that lets fly the first lick aint the boy that Matsy's goin' to take!"

With the modesty of the girl who does not refuse before she is definitely asked she added: "And that's not sayin', of course, that she's goin' to take the other."

The men—or rather boys—looked at her dazedly. She

walked a little nearer to them and said, with a sarcastic uplifting of her nostrils, "of course, you gents are at liberty to carry on jis' as you choose, but there's one thing Matsy Delihanty has got to say, and that is, that she's dead agin fittin', and she's goin' to have no more to do with them as stick to sech coarse pursoots."

She turned towards the door and Pete followed her. Brown looked after her almost piteously, and at the door she turned her head towards him.

"I'm too deep in—*religion*, to stand such goin's on," she remarked, with an airy wave of her thin little hand.

Brown was twenty that Spring.

KATHERINE BATES.

NOTES

IN New York the literary clan had the generous conception of a memorial meeting in Robert Louis Stevenson's name, on January 4th, a month from the date of his burial. In another city a group of *jeunes* are wearing to the honor of the king a black crape band on the left arm, following a mourning custom somewhat unknown hereabouts, with which Stevenson himself was familiar. It is a small sign, but it symbolizes; and it is a sort of a proud discipline for those who under no conditions would announce by a change in dress their grief for a private or an ordinary loss.

¶ *The strange case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* was never a work of art. It was set down, as was at once apparent to the discerning, exactly what it was worth: a dreamed dream, monstrous, vague, malformed. It did indeed provide the "fresh shudder;" it was Stevenson's elfin joke, awful enough to the average mind. But it made an unpermissible

story, and one which has always borrowed from the unapproachable other work of its author an importance and interest which it does not deserve. No public critic ever deprecated it with the authority of this loving reproof in a private letter, written by one of Stevenson's dearest friends, the Opalstein of *Talk and Talkers*, the late Mr. Addington Symonds, whose *Life*, by H. F. Brown, has just been published.

¶ "I doubt whether anyone has the right so to scrutinize 'the abysmal deeps of personality.' You see I have been reading *Dr. Jekyll*. At least I think he ought to bring more of distinct belief in the resources of human nature, more faith, more sympathy with our frailty, into the matter than you have done. The art is burning and intense. The *Peau de Chagrin* disappears, and Poe's work is water. Also one discerns at once that this is an allegory of all twy-natured souls who yield consciously to evil. Most of us are on the brink of educating a Mr. Hyde at some epoch of our being. But the scientific cast of the allegory will only act as an incentive to moral self-murder with those who perceive the allegory's profundity. Louis, how had you the '*ilia dura ferro et sere triplici duriora*' to write *Dr. Jekyll*? I know now what was meant when you were called a sprite.

You see I am trembling under the magician's wand of your fancy, and rebelling against it with the scorn of a soul that hates to be contaminated with the mere picture of victorious evil. Our only chance seems to me to be to maintain, against all appearances, that evil can never, and in no way, be victorious.

* * * The suicide end of *Dr. Jekyll* is too commonplace. *Dr. Jekyll* ought to have given Mr. Hyde up to justice. This would have vindicated the sense of human dignity which is so horribly outraged in your book."

¶ A journey of interest to the art world must be recorded. Mr. Watts's great allegorical painting, *Love and Life*, which he gave to the United States over a year ago, has travelled up-stairs from its cellar resort in Washington.

¶ I wish publishers in England, and publishers here, (the younger firms, that is, the wilfu' men who maun hae their way) would do something toward getting their poets better acquainted. An interchange of contemporary anthologies would strengthen the Peace societies, and further much the Anglo-American federation. Who in the lyric tent, on either side, thoroughly knows any two of his peers on the other? We have been wearied enough with the wrong specimens, and we will even now have none of certain fresh ones: but we hunger for more Watson, Davidson, Johnson and Thompson (Apollo's sons every one of them!) for more Mrs. Meynell, and Mrs. Darmesteter (A. Mary F. Robinson), two writers of different but exquisite distinction; for more Yeats, imaginative as Piers Plowman; above all, for more Coventry Patmore, the great poet of *The Unknown Eros*, which may even yet be strange to some reader of ours. On our own part, we could safely promise a new sensation to the cousins, notoriously of less mental hospitality than ourselves. We have some men and women, some especially between twenty-five and thirty-five, who have every right to quarter the Winged Horse upon their arms.

¶ A festival in the family drew homeward the scattered kindred. The boys, twins, had been long parted; and meanwhile, one had married, and in his widowerhood reared his little son, now seven years old. To him, by name Bobby, newly arrived in the house, enters the uncle whom he had never seen, so perfect a corroboration of his father that Bobby runs to him at once, clings to him, and hugs

his knees. A moment later, when his father really came, and the laughing company were on the brink of comment and explanation, the poor little man, giving him one mortally shocked glance, fell to the floor, sobbing: *Don't want—two—papas!* The resident puppy, familiar with the bachelor brother, had almost as disturbing an experience. He stared and stared at Bobby's father, upon their introduction, sniffed at his garments, wavered, and stared again. Then he leaped upon his own friend, and next upon the image and echo of him, bewildered; and finally backed into the corner, after making a brave stand against the supernatural, his insulted eye upon both men, barking and growling, and indulging generally in the doggerel for Dammit! The pathetic bit of comedy was like a page of Guy de Maupassant.

¶ Miss Christina Rossetti died soon after day-break on a Saturday, and only one among the great London dailies had heard of it by Monday morning. Had it been one J. J. Corbett, now! For the star of the mystic is far away; but in the star of the slugger we pay our taxes.

ANTI-TOXINE

¶ If to these little stale old books,
Their cads and drones, their ghouls and spooks,
You feel your fancy yielding,
Just keep, to fortify yourself,
The Newest Something on the shelf:
It's labeled "Henry Fielding."

¶ Two original and unworldly poets of our own, pretty well known to lovers of the unmagazinable muse, are even now convened in the city of ——. Though they are inclined to admire one another hugely, they have never met before. They are not of an age; but neither were Dr.

Johnson and his "young dogs" who once got into a Thames boat for an orgie before dawn. Both are poor as Belisarius, and adventurous as Cortez. With no domestic tie, each has, or is supposed to have, a plain, established duty, a "sitooation," a responsibility; one toward a college, one toward a publishing house. Now, the folk who sit far off, knowing both men, expect an electric explosion the moment they stand fairly eye to eye. The occult dangerous kinship in them, the indomitable wild child at the heart of either, is warranted to burst forth and make rockets, and, to our strange consent and delight, to whizz them away. Let them be prayed for, lest they should by the exercise of reason cause a chance plainly sent of Providence to fall flat. What is expected of them as they sit with difficulty uttering Ibsenisms into the tea-caddy, is sudden open rebellion, an elopement for two of a feather, a melodramatic final disappearance out of boredom into Arabia or the South Seas! *En avant, mes braves!* Take the immortal deserts of your genius, and break bounds! Every man-jack of us will answer stoutly for you before the Goddess Grundy.

¶ "No," said the weary housewife to the minister on his sick call, "there aint no use talkin' of rest everlastin' for the likes o' me. 'Pears thet other folks git luck like that, but I don't. I've ben stumpin' round on my feet ever sence I was born, and t'aint likely to let up. 'F I was put under ground on a Monday, do n't you forgit the Resurrection would come along o' Chewsdays, and hustle me out. I know what to look for! . . . How 's your Mehitables jam turned out this fall?"

¶ Mr. Alexander Ireland, the friend of Emerson, Froude, and Leigh Hunt, is reported to have died at his home in Manchester, of whose broad-minded *Examiner* he was, I think, the founder. He was a most lovable man, and a

splendid sight to see in his eighty-sixth year: a compiler and preserver of literature rather than a maker of it. I often had occasion to shake his cordial hand; and I never did so without remembering that it had touched Scott's, some six and sixty years ago. Mr. Ireland, a Scot himself, and then a poor clerk, had spent his vacation in walking many leagues to Abbotsford, in order to avail himself of the universal permit to visit the famous house while its genius was absent. The butler, a functionary of parts, was not enthusiastic to admit him; and it transpired that the master had returned the night before. So the pilgrim of the Waverley Novels turned silently away. At the angle of the wall he stumbled upon an enormous and very jolly dog, and upon a lame gentleman in rough attire, who reading his face with the most accurate human eye of the time, said kindly: "Aye noo, laddie, what is it?" So the younger had to confess with blushes and stammers, and what not, and Sir Walter, dog, cane, plaid, and all, marched him back into the great hall, showed him the antique treasures, kept him for tea, gave him a book, and saw him down the road, bequeathing to his chance guest an immortal insight into the way in which heaven and earth can get mixed up sometimes, when good hearts meet.

¶ Every reader of Oscar Wilde's infinitely diverting *Intentions* remembers his theory that it is the function of life to imitate art; and that once Rossetti and Burne-Jones had exhibited their canvases, which were compounded of Botticelli, and the inner consciousness, and like nothing in nature, a profuse growth of damp, sad, lean, sea-weedy maidens, the very reflex of the pictures, sprang up in every drawing-room! Some similar process explains the multiplication, long ago, of the noble Holbein and gracious Vandyck faces, and the persistence through two wooden-dolly generations of the

Copley complexion in New England. And will the sceptics be so kind as to observe that all ugly clever women and men are Beardsleyizing as fast as ever they can? What does M. Paul Verlaine look like if not the incarnate satyr evolved but yesterday by that horrid ingenious sorcerer over in England? And Madame Réjane is a masterpiece of like origin. Antonin Dvorák suggests the family likeness; even John Burns begins to assume it. It crops up somewhere now in every random company indoors, in every city crowd: the much-headed, splay-eyebrowed, sunk-nosed, puff-lipped, grotesque, gracile, freak-clad Type.

BOOKS RECEIVED

INTIMATIONS OF THE BEAUTIFUL and Poems
by MADISON CAWEIN. 12mo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE GOOD SHIP MOHOCK by W. CLARK RUSSELL.
12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE DEFENSE OF THE BRIDE by ANNA KATHERINE GREEN. 12mo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MAELCHO by the Hon. EMILY LAWLESS. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

VERNON'S AUNT by Mrs. EVERARD COTES. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

WOODLAND RAMBLES. Poems by JOHN A. LANIGAN. 12mo. Buffalo: Peter Paul Book Co.

SLUM STORIES OF LONDON by HENRY W. NEVINSON. 16mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE POEMS OF HENRY ABBEY. 12mo. Kingston, N. Y.: Published by the author.

THE LAND OF THE SUN by CHRISTIAN REID. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE CHAP-BOOK

SEMI-MONTHLY. SUBSCRIPTION : ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.
FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTION : ONE DOLLAR TWENTY-FIVE.
THE TRADE SUPPLIED BY THE AMERICAN NEWS COMP'Y
AND ITS BRANCHES. ADVERTISING RATES TO BE HAD ON
APPLICATION TO THE PUBLISHERS,

STONE & KIMBALL

THE CAXTON BUILDING : CHICAGO.

Entered at the Chicago Post Office as Second Class Matter.

¶ *Owing to the demand for Chap-Book posters, the publishers have reserved a few copies for collectors, at fifty cents each.*

—

¶ *The Publishers of the Chap-Book cannot furnish the first volume in any form. With the exception of the issue of November 1st, the numbers are entirely out of print.*

—

¶ *The editors of the CHAP-BOOK will in no case be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts. Contributions must in all cases be accompanied by a stamped envelope; otherwise they will not be read or returned.*

—

¶ *The next issue of the CHAP-BOOK will contain a new "Study Fire" Essay by Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP



Excels any 25-cent Toilet Soap made, but is sold for **Ten Cents**

Read the Figures of its Forward Footsteps:

Total Number Cakes Sold, 1891	486,000
Total Number Cakes Sold, 1892	1,152,700
Total Number Cakes Sold, 1893	2,312,400
Total Number Cakes Sold, 1894	6,000,000

Made at the Largest Exclusive Toilet Soap Factory in the world; the latest improved machinery; the most skillful workmen; and, most important, only the best and purest material used.

For Sale Everywhere, at home and abroad. If your dealer does not keep it, send six 2-cent stamps for a full-size cake by mail.

COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO.

Salesrooms 185-187 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

STONE & KIMBALL'S LIST

VISTAS

By WILLIAM SHARP. 600 copies, printed at the University Press on laid paper. 16mo., cloth. Price, \$1.25, net. In the GREEN TREE LIBRARY.

Mr. Hall Caine writes: "It is a very remarkable work. I am satisfied that if it had been published three years ago we should have heard nothing of the Belgian Shakespeare (Maurice Maeterlinck). The world is tired of the vulgar ghost; but it is not, and never can be, tired of the supernatural, and it has waited long for a man of genius to interpret those higher experiences of the soul which are alien to the absurdity of a visible presence."

SECOND EDITION

THE PLAYS OF MAURICE MAETERLINCK

"Princess Maleine," "The Intruder," "The Blind," "The Seven Princesses." Translated by RICHARD HOVEY, with an introductory essay on Symbolism, and cover design—"The Green Tree"—by Henry McCarter. Printed at the University Press on laid paper. 600 copies. 16mo., cloth. Price, \$1.25, net. In the GREEN TREE LIBRARY.

THE POEMS OF PAUL VERLAINE

Translated by GERTRUDE HALL, with pictures by Henry McArthur. Printed at the University Press. 16mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.50 net. In the GREEN TREE LIBRARY.

SECOND EDITION

A Lover's Diary: Sonnets

By GILBERT PARKER. With a frontispiece by Will H. Low. Printed at the De Vinne Press on antique paper. 18mo., 450 copies, \$1.25.

The sonnet with which it closes is not only the finest of the book, but one of the finest given of late years to the reading world by any worker in English speech.—BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

In Russet and Silver SECOND EDITION

Poems by EDMUND GOSSE. Printed at the University Press on English laid paper. 16mo., \$1.25, net. Also 75 copies on large paper, numbered from 1 to 10 (Japanese Vellum), at \$6.00, and 11 to 75 (English hand-made), at \$3.50.

"Mr. Gosse's literary workmanship (as befits a critic-poet) is unimpeachable; we do not think a careless or ill-turned line is to be found in his pages."—EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Arthur O'Shaughnessy

His life and his work, with selections from his poems. By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. With a portrait from a drawing by August F. Jaccaci. Printed at the De Vinne Press on English laid paper. 450 copies. 18mo. Price \$1.25. Also 60 numbered copies on Holland hand-made paper (only 50 being for sale) at \$3.50.

Dr. Richard Garnett, of the British Museum, writes on the announcement of the book: "I am delighted to hear of it. It is a thing which I have often said ought to be done,—must be done, in fact,—if O'Shaughnessy is to keep the place he deserves among the poets of his age."

STONE & KIMBALL, Chicago.

STONE & KIMBALL'S EDITION

Of the Works of

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Edited by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN and GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY. Illustrated by ALBERT E. STERNER. In ten volumes. Volumes I., II. and III. now ready. \$1.50 each.

PRESS OPINIONS

Chicago Herald : "A superb new edition of Edgar Poe's works."

Chicago Record : "For the lovers of Poe the new edition of his works cannot fail to be a source of delight."

Cleveland Plaindealer : "Is a model of good workmanship, literary and mechanical."

Chicago Post expresses "the keenest satisfaction at this new, beautiful and authoritative edition of his works."

Chicago Tribune : "The three first volumes of the long-expected ten-volume edition of Poe's works, published by Stone & Kimball, are now at hand, and they not only carry out the promise of the publishers but they make a fitting crown to the pile of tasteful books which bear the imprint of that firm. The text is clear, the page is soft, and with wide margins yields easily to the touch."

New York Tribune : "In this new collection of the works of Edgar Allan Poe, a collection in ten volumes, of which the first three have just appeared, we find what promises to be the classic edition of the prose writer and poet. Not until now has he been set forth in such adequate form, with so clearly established a text and with such judicious editing. At no time in the future is it probable that the labors of his present editors and publishers will be superseded. Through their good offices he has been assured at last the permanent library form which he should long ago have enjoyed. Later volumes will contain notes and further prefatory matter, with variorum readings of the poems. These will be awaited with the liveliest curiosity, but at the present stage of their work it is plain that all concerned in the publication have amply fulfilled their obligations. Mr. Sterner's illustrations, though not inspired, are sympathetic and well executed, and the publishers have spared no pains to make their books a downright luxury for the lover of good paper, print and binding. The type is of admirable size and of equally gratifying clearness. It leaves a sufficient margin on a page that is soft in texture, exquisite in tone and rendered finally perfect by just the right taste in the gilding of the top and the uncut edges. Each volume contains in the neighborhood of 300 pages, is light in weight, and not only opens without cracking, but stays open in the hand without effort on the part of the reader. In each volume thus far published the handsome title page is faced by an authentic portrait of Poe. The edition is dedicated 'in honor of the University of Virginia.' It will remain an honor to American literature."

STONE & KIMBALL, Chicago.

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S WORKS

PRESS OPINIONS

Washington Star: "Just such an edition as might be expected when two such capable men as Stedman and Woodberry commit their works and those of Poe to Stone & Kimball for production. An artistic success."

Cincinnati Tribune: "The University Press has never done better work in the technical make-up of a book, and it is fair to assume that this edition will be what it is intended to be—definitive alike for librarian, student and book lover. The publishers, as well as the editors, deserve the thanks of the literary world for this splendid memorial of America's most unique genius."

Brooklyn Standard-Union: "The Chicago edition is, moreover, fortunate and authoritative in its editors. Mr. Woodberry's memoir of Poe is a model of what such work should be—clear, concise and straightforward; its narrative proceeds steadily from beginning to end, without diversion or casual episodes, presenting, in a clear and transparent medium, the real facts and actual life of the author. Mr. Woodberry has not conceived it to be his function to undertake a special plea, either for or against the literary record, or personal character of Mr. Poe. His narrative is that of one with all the facts at his command, and with the sole and sincere purpose of stating the truth. Mr. Stedman's introductory note is marked by that fineness of preception, that justness of appreciation, and that wide range of attainment, which characterize all his literary work, and make the paper in itself a classic. The memoir and the introduction occupy nearly one-half of the first volume, but not a page or a paragraph is superfluous."

New York Times: "Doubtless no other men in this country were better fitted for this arduous and delicate task than those who have, at length, undertaken it."

Indianapolis Journal: "A new edition of 'The Works of Edgar Allan Poe' which will be altogether the most complete and most satisfactory edition ever published."

New York World: "The ten-volume edition of Edgar Allan Poe, which Stone & Kimball, of Chicago, are publishing, appeals strongly to the bibliophile. In type, in paper, in press work, in illustration and in binding it is admirable."

New York Recorder: "The Poe undertaking is a fine one. The binding and typography are excellent, and the text bids fair to be the purest and best considered that has ever been presented to the American public."

STONE & KIMBALL, Chicago.

Some New Books

Completion of Green's Short History. ILLUSTRATED

A short history of the English people. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN. Illustrated Edition. Edited by Mrs. J. R. Green and Miss Kate Norgate. In four volumes. With colored plates, maps, and numerous illustrations. Royal 8vo, illuminated cloth, uncut edges and gilt tops, \$5.00 per vol.

The Literature of the Georgian Era

By WILLIAM MINTO, Professor of English Literature and Logic in the University of Aberdeen. Edited, with a biographical introduction, by Wm. Knight, LL. D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. Post 8vo, cloth, \$1.50.

Modern Missions in the East

Their methods, successes, and limitations. By EDWARD A. LAWRENCE, D. D. With an introduction by Edward T. Eaton, D. D., LL. D. Post 8vo, cloth, \$1.75.

Men Born Equal

A novel. By HARRY PERRY ROBINSON. Post 8vo, cloth, ornamental, \$1.25.

Literary and Social Essays

By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. Post 8vo, cloth, uncut edges and gilt top, \$2.50.

Beyond the Dreams of Avarice

A novel. By WALTER BESANT, author of "The Rebel Queen," "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," etc. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, ornamental, \$1.50.

Hypatia;

Or, New Foes with an Old Face. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Illustrated from drawings by William Martin Johnson, and with portrait of the author. Two volumes. 8vo, ornamental silk binding, uncut edges and gilt tops, \$7.00. (In a box.)

Trilby

A novel. By GEORGE DU MAURIER, author of "Peter Ibbetson." With 120 illustrations by the author. Post 8vo, cloth, ornamental, \$1.75; three-quarter calf, \$3.50; three-quarter levant, \$4.50.

The Borderland of Czar and Kaiser

Notes from both sides of the Russian frontier. By POULTNEY BIGELOW. Illustrated by Frederic Remington. Post 8vo, cloth, ornamental, \$2.00.

The Golden House

A novel. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, author of "A Little Journey in the World," "Their Pilgrimage," etc. Illustrated by W. T. Smedley. Post 8vo, ornamental half leather, uncut edges and gilt top, \$2.00.

Four American Universities

Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia. With many illustrations. 4to, cloth, ornamental, \$3.50.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada or Mexico, on receipt of the price.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Received for all Newspapers and Magazines, wherever published.

You will always find here the largest display of periodicals and paper novels in the city. Inspection invited.

C. W. CURRY,

75 So. State Street, - - - CHICAGO.

POSTERS

The CHAP-BOOK posters by Will H. Bradley;

“When Hearts Are Trumps,” by Will H. Bradley, and “The Green-Tree Library,” by Henry McCarter, sent, postpaid, for fifty cents each. Address, **STONE & KIMBALL**, Caxton Building, Chicago.

IMPORTERS

OF

Books, Newspapers and Magazines.

Subscriptions Received for any Publication in the World.

CHARLES MACDONALD & CO.

55 Washington St. - - - Chicago
Magazines, size of Harper's, bound for 60 cents.

THE BLACK ART: A HOMILY, BY D. B. VPDIKE sent free to any address Daintily printed on English hand-made paper We make a specialty of work requiring more care than most printers will give. The **CAMELOT PRESS**, Caxton Bldg. Chicago

Illinois Central R.R.



Its "Chicago and New Orleans Limited," leaving Chicago daily, makes direct connection at New Orleans with trains for the

MEXICAN Gulf Coast Resorts

Of Mississippi, reaching Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Biloxi and Mississippi City before bedtime of the day after leaving Chicago. By its "New Orleans Limited," also, a new route from Sioux City and Chicago to Florida has been inaugurated, known as the

HOLLY SPRINGS Route to Florida

Via Holly Springs, Birmingham and Atlanta. But one change of Sleeping Car, and that on train en route. Through reservations to Jacksonville. The Illinois Central, in connection with the Southern Pacific, is also the ONLY TRUE WINTER ROUTE

To California Via NEW ORLEANS

Through first-class Sleeping Car reservations. Chicago to San Francisco, in connection with the Southern Pacific's "Sunset Limited," every Tuesday night from Chicago. Through Tourist Sleeping Car from Chicago to Los Angeles, every Wednesday night.

Tickets and full information can be obtained of your Local Ticket Agent, or by addressing A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

The Bibelot

A Reprint of Poetry
and Prose for Book
Lovers, chosen in part
from scarce editions and
sources not generally
known

Printed for Thomas B. Mosher
and Publish'd by him at 37 Ex-
change Street, Portland, Maine
Price 5 cents.....50 cents a year

THE BIBELOT is issued monthly, beautifully printed on white laid paper, uncut, old style blue wrapper, in size a small quarto, (5x6) 24 to 32 pages of text, and will be sent postpaid on receipt of subscription.

Numbers now ready.

January—Lyrics from William Blake.

February—Ballades from Villon.

March—Mediæval Student Songs.

THOMAS B. MOSHER,

Please Mention THE CHAP-BOOK.

Portland, Maine.



Hand - Made ^{OF} THE
Finest Selected
Havana 

PERFECTO

Straight 5c Size, per Box of 50 - \$5.75

CONCHA ESPECIAL

Straight 10c Size, per Box of 50 - \$4.25

Sent Express Prepaid anywhere on receipt of price.

 Ask Your Dealer for them 

BERNARD SUES,
Manufacturer



332 Dearborn Street
Chicago, Illinois . . .

***Is** the best
too good
for you ?*

IF NOT USE THE CHICAGO & EASTERN ILLINOIS R.R.
(EVANSVILLE ROUTE) FROM CHICAGO

TO Florida
and the South

CHICAGO TICKET OFFICES

230 CLARK STREET

AUDITORIUM ANNEX

AND DEARBORN STATION.

CHARLES L. STONE

GENL. PASSENGER AGENT

CHICAGO, ILL.

THE
Chap-Book
SEMI-MONTHLY

Contents for April 15, 1895

LITTLE LYRICS OF JOY—IV

BLISS CARMAN

THE POPULARITY OF POETRY

EDMUND GOSSE

PRECEDENCE

CHARLES F. LUMMIS

THE MYSTERY

ELIA W. PEATTIE

LAZARUS AND DIVES

A DRAWING BY CLAUDE FAYETTE BRAGDON

IN THE ORCHARD—AUGUST

J. RUSSELL TAYLOR

A DRAWING

J. F. RAFFAELLI

NOTES

BOOKS RECEIVED

ANNOUNCEMENTS

PRICE 5 CENTS

\$1.00 A YEAR

Published by
Stone & Kimball
Chicago

"Mirabeau stands out as the central figure of the times; the Greatest Statesman of France."

The . . .

French Revolution.

Tested by Mirabeau's Career.

*Twelve Lectures on the History of the French Revolution, delivered
at the Lowell Institute, Boston, Mass.,*

By Dr Hermann E. Von Holst.

At the invitation of the trustees of the Lowell Institute of Boston, Hermann E. von Holst, Professor of History in the University of Chicago, gave a summary of his reflections on the causes of the French Revolution, as tested by Mirabeau's career.

LECTURE HEADINGS.

- I. The Heritage of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.
- II. Paris and Versailles.
- III. Mending the Old Garment with New Cloth.
- IV. The Revolution before the Revolution.
- V. A Typical Family Tragedy of Portentous Historical Import.
- VI. The States-General.
- VII. "The Party of One Man."
- VIII. The 5th and 6th of October, 1789, and the Memoir of the 15th.
- IX. The Decisive Defeat of November 7th.
- X. Other Defeats and Mischievous Victories.
- XI. Mirabeau and the Court.
- XII. The End. A Unique Tragedy.

. All questions which, for the general public, are perhaps the most difficult to understand, are lucidly and graphically discussed. Such a mass of information and suggestion is condensed into each of these lectures that no extracts would adequately represent their character.

Printed at the Riverside Press, on hand-made English paper, uncut edges. Two volumes, 12mo; price, \$3.50 net.

CALLAGHAN & CO., Chicago, Ill.

LITTLE LYRICS OF JOY—IV



SEE the golden hunter go,
With his hound star close at heel,
Through purple fallows above the hill,
When the large autumn night is still
And the tide of the world is low.

And while to their unwearied quest
The sister Pleiads pass,
That seventh loveliest and lost
Desire of all the orient host
Is here upon my breast.

BLISS CARMAN.

THE POPULARITY OF POETRY



IS the commercial standard of literary success to be extended to poetry? This is a question that is raised by the peculiar conditions which have developed during the last two years, and it is one which it is important to attempt to solve. If poetry is to be judged by the extent to which it is sold, and especially in relation to the sales of prose fiction, then it must be admitted at once to be in a very sad quandary indeed. If, on the other hand, the status of poetry is to be discovered by a consideration of the degree to which it is talked about and written about, then no branch of contemporary literature would seem to be more flourishing. It is desirable to attempt to define what literary popularity is, and then to see how far the poets of to-day enjoy a share of it.

In its original meaning "popularity" signifies a courting of the popular favour; it is only in its modern and secondary

Copyright 1895, by STONE & KIMBALL.

use that the word takes the sense of a gaining of that good will. Our old writers employed the word with a certain flavour of obsequiousness hanging about it. Among the Elizabethans to be "popular" was to have resigned something of the dignity of independent judgment. We have lost all that in these democratic days, and he is held the most honourable man who has contrived to please the largest number of individual voters, and that book the most successful which has appealed to the largest number of readers. Yet, even with us, literary popularity has not quite come to be synonymous with largeness of sales. We are not so mechanically statistical, even in the matter of our novels, and there are writers whose works sell in vast masses, who enjoy a kind of blind, contemptuous success, and who yet are scarcely to be called "popular." There are writers, too, of comic or sentimental verse, who are never mentioned among the poets, whose sales, nevertheless, by far exceed those of Mr. Swinburne. I remember how once, in the sacred Lodge of Trinity, and to the face of its fastidious master, the late Lord Houghton contended that the most prominent living poet of England was the writer of a song called "The Old Obadiah and the Young Obadiah."

At the moment when this whimsical theory was put forth, England possessed a poet of unsurpassed popularity. The case of Tennyson was a singular and, for future generations, a disturbing one. As we look down the history of our country, we may be surprised to see how few of our greatest bards have enjoyed wide popular favour in their life-time. Neither Shakespeare nor Milton, neither Wordsworth nor Coleridge, neither Shelley nor Keats, had any experience of general public acceptance. Dryden and Ben Jonson were illustrious,—they were scarcely popular. Among our really ambitious writers in verse, Cowley and Pope, Burns and Byron, and in his latest years Robert Browning, have alone

enjoyed great popularity at all approaching that of Tennyson; and of these Burns is the most remarkable in this respect. Tennyson and Burns, a couple strangely assorted,—these are the two great names in poetry which have been achieved, by purely poetic qualities, a lasting approbation from the people of Great Britain.

In the case of Burns, as in that of Béranger in France, the charm of the pure, natural lyric, uttered in the quintessence of its naiveté may be allowed to account for much of the popular acceptance. The universality of Tennyson is a more difficult problem, and one on which criticism has expended much speculation. The main thing at this moment is to admit and to note that popularity, and to see whether it is likely to be continued to later writers. In the first place, it is highly important to recognise that in the history of our poetry, now extending over at least six centuries, it has by no means been the rule that what was ultimately to be found incomparable received any special attention at the time of its production. Some poets have been mildly admired for a portion of their writings which we now regret that they should have produced, and have not been admired at all for their masterpieces. There is evidence to show that the exquisite lyrics of Herrick were not valued during his lifetime for any of the qualities which we now universally discern in them. Moore was greatly preferred to Shelley, not merely until the death of Shelley, but until long after the death of Moore. Much poetry becomes good, because public taste developes in the direction in which it was written. Still more ceases to please, because the order of its thoughts and images is no longer in fashion. Criticism likes to conceive that its dicta are final, and talks familiarly about “immortality.” But as a matter of fact, there are certain even of the old masters who are still on their probation, and a great social crisis might dethrone half Parnassus.

The death of Tennyson, following so closely on those of Browning and Matthew Arnold, produced a violent and disturbing crisis in our poetical history. At the first moment, in the agitation caused by the disappearance of these extremely dignified figures, and particularly by the extinction of Tennyson, the critics rashly asserted that poetry had ceased to develope; that it would henceforward be the pastime of children; and that it could no longer form a vital branch of our literature. Almost immediately it was perceived that whatever might happen, a neglect of verse was not imminent. We had long served under a gerantocracy, a tyranny by very old men. These venerable figures once removed, attention became fixed on men of the youngest generation. When all the ancient trees have fallen in the forest, the sturdiest saplings have room to expand. Of these some may be oaks and some may be alders, but all have a chance at last. We have seen no visible increase of public interest in the poets who already held high second or third rank (although the extreme respect with which the announcement of Christina Rossetti's death was received points to an understratum of appreciation for these), but we have certainly seen a sudden access of reputation among writers between thirty-five and twenty-five years of age. The pendulum of taste is ever swinging, and from the opinion that no one under eighty was worth reading, we have come to regard no one over thirty as deserving our attention.

It will be unfortunate, I think, if the poets allow themselves to be disturbed by the conditions of crisis through which we are now passing. I deprecate the use of phrases such as hail one or two young verse-men as: "Swans emerging from the ruck of geese." A swan may once have been an ugly duckling; he has never been a goose, and exaggerations of this kind tend to encourage what is by far the most dangerous tendency of the literature of to-day, its commer-

cial greediness. Coleridge, in his old age, told a friend of mine, who was then young, that he had never been one shilling the better off for all the verse he had ever printed. Mr. Dykes Campbell will tell us that this was an error of memory, but practically speaking it was true. In our own century, surrounded by admirers, living long past maturity, here was one of the truest poets of England confessing that poetry had been not so much a failure to him as a bankruptcy. Browning, to the very end of his days, through the period of his splendid late celebrity, could never have lived, however modestly, on what his poetry put into his pocket. These are the instances which the poet should bear in mind, nor allow himself to be dazzled by the almost inexplicable and entirely exceptional success of the career of Tennyson.

We are told that this is not a poetical age, nor ours a poetical country. No country and no age is poetical. If England is badly off, I have yet to learn that France, or America, Italy or Germany, is in a more fortunate condition. In one of these countries, in Italy, as in England, it is true that attention is concentrated on certain young men of the latest generation. It is in Italy only, I think, that our youngest poets meet with rivals of their own value. Gabriele d'Annunzio and Rudyard Kipling are probably the most gifted persons under the age of thirty now writing verses in any part of the world. The Italians loudly praise the author of *Elegie Romane*, but if they buy his volumes to any appreciable extent, I am greatly misinformed. He is what Carducci and Panzacchi were before him, distinguished and illustrious, but not successful as the "female fictionist" understands success. No Italian poet, I think, in this day of the revival of Italian poetry, makes what could be called an appreciable income by his verse.

It would be indecorous to push the inquiry so far as to speculate how the increased interest in verse affects the pock-

ets of our own younger poets. One hopes that they are fed with the flour of returns as well as with the honey of renown. But one doubts whether their pretty "limited editions," their choruses of praise, their various celebrity, are symptoms of more than a very moderate popularity. They would think it unkind if one were to say that one wished them no more pudding than their great forefathers enjoyed. In point of fact, one wishes for every true artist the maximum of practical appreciation of his art. But if they break their hearts because they are not Tennyson, they will be silly fellows. A poet need feel no sense of failure because his books do not lie on every parlour-table in Brompton, or because no movement is made towards his being called up into the House of Lords. Success in poetry has not been, and we may hope that it never will be, a matter in which income-tax collectors can take an interest.

More, perhaps, than any other species of literature; poetry ought to be its own exceeding great reward. The verseman should write his verse with no other thought in his mind than that of relieving his heart of metrical pangs too acutely delicious to be born. The verse being written, and then printed, the poet has done his work. He ought to have no further solicitude. He has adventured in a kind of writing in which less than in any other the element of ephemeral interest exists. If his stanzas are of true excellence, they will be as much admired in 1945 as in 1895, and perhaps more so. The best poetry does not grow old-fashioned. The poet should consider that he is not engaged in the timid coasting-trade of the novelist; he has put out on the vast seas, and if the risks of sinking are great, there is the chance of reaching the Golden Isles. He works, we will not say, for immortality, since that is a vague and uncertain phrase, but for the future, and he ought to be content to miss the more facile successes of the immediate present. Poetry,

after all, is not a democratic art. It appeals to the few, it "makes great music," as Keats puts it, "for a little clan," and it can by no means be sure, in the wild hurly-burly of our life, immediately to win the attention of those elect ears. But good verse, once printed, is never lost; sooner or later it is discovered, and fixed, like a jewel, into its proper drawer in the cabinet of the ages. To last forever, as a specimen, by the side of Lovelace or of Wolfe, should be better worth working for than to earn five thousand pounds as the author of a deciduous novel about the "New Woman." At all events, the poet had better try to think so, for the financial prosperity can by no possible chance be his.

EDMUND GOSSE.

PRECEDENCE.

THE poet's anvil overmuch to-day
 Is lent to tinkle with the goldsmith's art;
 A jeweled hilt in the review shall weigh,
 But steel is well if you would prick a heart.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

THE MYSTERY

IN the grey of the dawn and the rain,
 In the wind and the mist of the sea,
 The Sisters of Sin and of Pain
 Come down where the mortals be.

Was there no crack of creation in which a woman could hide herself from baleful things?

Margaret stood at her window and looked at the star that shone in the waste of the east. The wind blew the darkness back and forth in mighty billows, and tossed the heavy liquid of the waters into the lighter liquid of the air.

Here, in space and night and sea was purity! Here alone!

Watching the moving darkness, she slipped her garments from her and robed herself for sleep. She sucked the solitude into her heart; she listened with greedy ears to the message of the night. Then she laid her down, bathed in purity, alienated from her fellows by her innocence, in touch with the passionless night.

It had been a day of trial for her. In spite of herself, the world had flung itself up at her as the mud of the road sometimes splashed the sides of her carriage. The shameful procession of the streets had forced itself upon her notice. A child had stretched out a trembling hand to beg. She had seen a horse fall under his burden. She had heard a woman curse. The sun had stricken a man at his toil, and his fellows had born him away—a dirty train of men who looked like slaves, and who came back to work on in the spot where the other had fallen. A friend she loved had confessed a shallow sin. She loved her no more now. Meanness—vice—misery—uncleanliness—what place had they in creation?

She laid her cheek on her jeweled hand, and made as if she drew the wrappings primeval of night's purity about her long, fair limbs.

And then she slept.

Like the tumult of roses probed by mid-summer bees, her bosom lifted and fell. No remorse disturbed her dreams. No temptation made her restless. No pity caused her lips to tremble. Secure in her complaisance, she slept on.

She was beautiful, but not lovely.

The next morning when the sun arose, scattering the mist, and the sea shimmered with rose and gold, she went forth, serene, rejoicing in her strength. She bathed herself in the shine of the sun. She took it as the course of things that men should pay her the tribute of homage.

And she met, by chance, that day, a man whom she had never seen before. He was the friend of a friend of hers.

He had eyes that held hers as a hawk is held by a leash. He had a voice that thrilled through her heart with potential vibration. True, he had a wife. He told her that. But in telling her he did not give her eyes leave to drop, and her soul looked into his and knew itself understood.

Day by day they trembled toward each other. Night by night they lay awake, alone, mad with the misery of their hearts. And the storm of the sea came to be the echo of her soul, the darkness was the reflex of her mood, the winds were as her wayward wishes, and the silence of the night was broken with her sobs.

And at last she knew herself for a woman whom temptation had conquered. She had yielded. Sin was her's, and the joy of sin.

Then fate had overtaken them, and he was dead—he for love of whom she sinned. She looked again out into the night, and hugged once more the solitude to her heart, thinking of many things.

Her lips were tender now, her eyes humid and sweet. Sorrow had replaced their serene gravity. Pity had superceded pride. She guessed at the sorrow and the shame of others, by that of which she knew herself. And she smiled, dreaming of work to be done.

The little children who wept—should they not be comforted with motherliness? The women who cursed—should they not know a sister's kindly word? The men who endlessly toiled, uncared for servitors of a government of greed—should they not know the sense of fellowship? The beasts of burden—should not their loads be lightened?

She fell asleep, and as she slept the dew of tears lay on her cheek.

'T is the throb and the stress of the night,
And the Spirits of Pain and of Sin,
With faces upturned toward the light,
Their way through the shadows win.

ELIA W. PEATTIE.



A DRAWING FOR THE CHAP-BOOK

BY J. F. RAFFAELLI

IN THE ORCHARD—AUGUST

DREAMY the slope that faced the afternoon
 Across the hazed hills and the blue ravine :
 The trees that staggered 'neath their load of green
 Had half their wealth of garnet apples strewn
 A-grass. And we, with words and scraps of tune,
 But mostly still, a pensive-gay quartette,
 Lingered and heard with sweet and vague regret
 The faint song-sparrows to the ghostly moon
 Tinkle, a mock of April dainty-troll'd.
 And up the aisles with butterflies Jack and Kate
 Went gathering black-eyed-susans, stars of gold,
 An autumn toll : but we plucked fruit and half'd
 Green unripe apples hard as jade, and ate,
 "That we might die together," Ethel laughed.

J. RUSSELL TAYLOR.

NOTES

MR. ARTHUR MORRISON is a coming man ; or, perhaps, if one only knew it, he is already come. He is but another of those brilliant new writers which, in some marvelous and mysterious way, Mr. Henley drew around him and the "National Observer."

"Tales of Mean Streets" is a very remarkable book. Nothing more artistically, more appallingly realistic, has ever been done about life in the East End London slums. The vividness of "Lizerunt" and "Without Visible Means" is only less wonderful than their brutality. Mr. Morrison has the keenest, most open-eyed powers of observation, but his experiences among the poor have never made him sentimental. Life in mean streets, according to him, is infinitely sad, but rarely pathetic. Its wretchedness gives a dull aching hurt, and his humour moves to laughter, but never to

tears. He is, however, so strong as to make one feel that his stories are inevitable in their truth. They force one to acquiesce—after a feeble protest—in admiration equally of his workmanship and his point of view.

¶ If you intend to be happy, do n't be foolish enough to wait for a just cause.

¶ It would be a source of some gratification if the discerning persons who write "Literary Notes" for the newspapers would cease to assert that "Chips," and "The Bibelot," and "Moods," and the "Little Journeys," are like THE CHAP-BOOK. The assertion, no doubt kindly meant as incense to our nostrils, has ceased to please.

"Chips" is the finest failure of all. The manufacturers (it would be flattery to call them editors) have made a cheap looking and ill-printed paper. The contents, consisting mainly of obsolete pastels, inspire still less enthusiasm. The only hope for the future lies in the daring of the sheet. Indeed it took a fine courage to print the face of John Kendrick Bangs.

"The Bibelot," since it contains only reprints, is perhaps in so far "hors concours." It is pleasing as to cover and erudite in contents. But Mr. Mosher might to advantage use a better quality of paper.

The "Little Journeys" are printed with a charming fidelity to the model. But Mr. Elbert Hubbard, who furnishes the letterpress, writes in a spirit of bland contentment with the commonplace worthy of the "Ladies Home Journal" at its best; and as to his literary style, "*ça n'existe pas*."

"Moods, A Journal Intime," has a good cover, in fresh yellow and white. But there praise must stop. Inside, the printers have mistaken a brazen use of stock cuts for decoration; the paper is harsh and the scheme of printing on one side of the page only is without advantage or delight. The

pictures, with the possible exception of one by Sophie Steele, are bad, and the letter press is uniformly weak, sentimental, and ill written. May the next imitation not be "like the CHAP-BOOK."

¶ We talk of escaping death as if it were not often the supreme beneficence.

¶ A bookish bookseller has asked several English men of letters what, in their opinion, were the neglected "best books." I suppose this means neglected by men of letters, for surely the best books are always neglected by the general public. The old books nobody reads, although we all make sacrifices to their memory by much talk. Of contemporary books there is, in truth, some reading, but no appreciation worth speaking of. For half of popular appreciation is merely superstition—fetich-worship of the idol Reputation. There is much bleating but little heart in the matter, which is altogether sad.

That historical and biographical books should be most neglected does not surprise one—but there are too many interesting things which the public pays no attention to. Dr. Warre, head master at Eton, thinks Jane Barlow's "Irish Idylls" should be included in the list. Mr. Grant Allen can think of but one book, Mr. J. G. Frazer's "The Golden Bough." Mr. Richard Le Gallienne compiles a list which includes Mr. Walter Raymond's "Love and Quiet Life," Mr. Francis Adams's "A Child of the Age," Mr. Ernest Rhys's "A London Rose and other poems," Robert Murray's Poems, edited by Andrew Lang, Mr. Grant Allen's "Post-Prandial Philosophy," and Mr. John Eglinton's "Two Essays on the Remnant." If any one shall buy a copy of the last book, (it costs 1s. 6d.), and be disappointed, Mr. Le Gallienne offers to take it over at half price. Dr. Richard Garnett mentions among others,

Borrow's "Lavengro." Mr. John Davidson includes Stendhal's "La Chartreuse de Parme," and calls it the best novel since "Don Quixote."

To this list one might add many books, but for the moment I remember that not so very long ago a romance called "John Inglesant" was written by one John Henry Short-house, and that it was good, and that the great public knows barely its name.

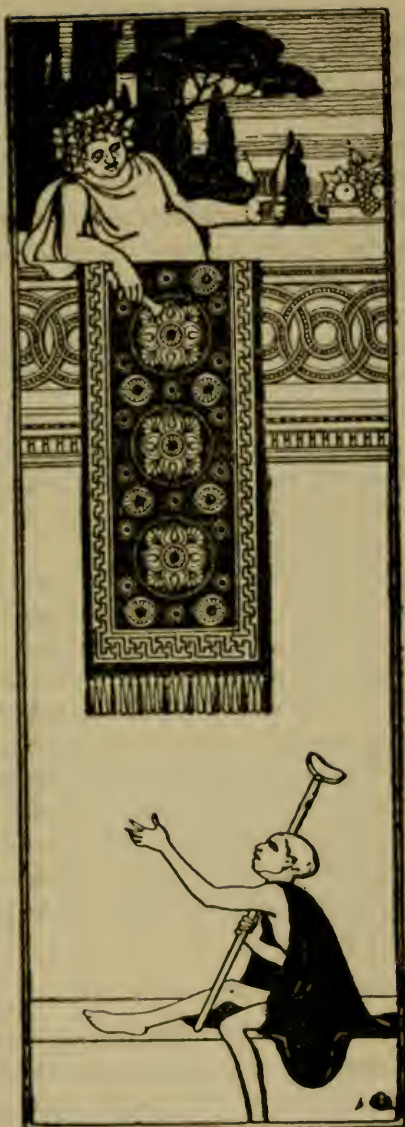
¶ Possibly genius may do its will, but simply talent must mind the decalogue.

¶ Upon a time, Mr. Joaquin Miller, having for the moment nothing to occupy him, wrote out a full and entirely new account of his life. Autobiographies were a favourite pastime with him, and once in so often a new one regularly appeared, differing materially from its predecessor, and introducing fresh and vividly imaginative matter. This particular life was in his best vein, and was profusely illustrated. A copy was given to one of his daughters with the suggestion that her father's life should be studied and known, and that her father was a man to be loved and revered. The child looked at the volume.

She turned the pages until she reached one especially fine picture. Seated on a horse, careering wildly across a desolate plain was Joaquin, clad in a pseudo-Indian costume, with a broad sombrero on his head, and very long hair floating far behind him in the wind. The child looked long and intently at the picture—examined it critically—and then with a reverence and adoration altogether undreamt of, labeled it:

"Joaquin Miller when he was a girl."

¶ A man is never deaf to the appeal of the feminine; it implies master and servant.



LAZARUS AND DIVES
BY CLAUDE FAYETTE BRAGDON

¶ Mr. F. Tennyson Neely sends the following notes regarding the alleged Besant book which he published

“Some five or six years since we purchased from a Chicago publisher, whose reputation was of the best and in whose integrity we had the greatest confidence, an edition in sheets of a book printed by him from plates that he owned entitled “The Chaplain’s Secret,” by Walter Besant. The book had never before been published, and we of course accepted the sheets from him as being entirely correct and authentic, and issued the book.

Shortly afterwards we discovered the deception of which we had been innocent victims, and immediately stopped circulating the publication and declined all subsequent orders, which aggregated a large amount. So far as we were concerned, this ended the transaction.

Subsequently, however, this same publisher sold the above plates to another Chicago house, and he brought out the book under the same title and author as we had done, notwithstanding he was acquainted with the above facts. This last party was the one on whom Mr. Besant, in his recent visit to this country, served a notice to discontinue publication and demanded compensation for the unauthorized use of his name. We had nothing whatever to do with Mr. Besant or the transaction in any way, and we are not advised of the result, the only unfortunate feature of the matter, as far as we were concerned, being that some of the books with our imprint are still in existence.”

¶ Aspirations are excellent things—when not cut too large.

¶ The author of “Beggars All” has recently published a very foolish story entitled “The Mermaid,” which pretends to be a love story and tells of the absurd infatuation of a moody young gentleman for a young woman who especially delights in donning a pair of rubber bloomers and playing

mermaid. She swims about the shore whenever the young gentleman happens to pass that way—thereby filling him with faith in the impossible—and driving away his senses for very love of her.

Years pass by and the young man, who has become a doctor—although without the sign of a patient—one day receives a mysterious letter from a lady at some end of the earth, summoning him to the care of an islandful of sick people. He feels impelled to go—for reasons revealed to no one but Miss Dougall—and there finds his mermaid a full grown woman and, what is worse, a married one. But the difficulties in the way of fulfilling the title-page promise of “a love story” are removed by spilling the husband into the sea for good and all. Why the book should have been published is beyond my comprehension; to conceive how it was written is possible only at the expense of Miss Dougall’s sanity.

¶ Men must not complain of the woman-chameleon; it is such a complying color.

¶ It will be a matter of no small interest to a few persons in this country to learn that a new volume of poems by Mr. Francis Thompson will be issued early in May. The work that Mr. Thompson has already given us has been of so remarkable a character as to fill one with a lively curiosity regarding the new book, as well as considerable expectations. The title is to be: “Songs Wing-to-Wing: an Offering to Two Sisters.”

¶ Joys are little islands—soon skirted—that we touch on the voyage; sorrow the sea we sail on.

¶ Now when the fulminations of Nordau fill the air and the Serious-Minded believe that the Rising Generation takes the vagaries of its artistic life for the really True, Beautiful and

Good, it is somewhat of a pleasure to know that, in their hearts, the younger men like to read Norman Gale—a lesser Herrick singing from the English meadows—and in simple pastorals like “Love and Quiet Life” and “Tryphena in Love,” they find delight; that they think Walter Raymond a true artist and Kenneth Grahame by all odds the most charming contributor to the “Yellow Book.” And to go back a little, there is not a one among the younger men who does not know his “Cranford” well and “Our Village” too and John Galt’s “Annals of the Parish.” The zealots of the Old Hat School go about with enmity in their souls, and damnation on their tongues; they prate of the epidemic decadence and degeneration; they cry down the young man because, from his youth, he requires less sleep than they. And with the past in their eyes—they suspect in every innovation an intention of vice. To the pure all things are impure.

Yet the world has not gone wrong because old men need new glasses and narrowness is not a universal weakness because they wear blinders. There is still hope; with keen sensations—even a young man may be catholic.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MAJESTY by LOUIS COUPERUS. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

SAPPHO AND OTHER SONGS by L. B. PEMBERTON. Los Angeles: Published by the author.

FATHER STAFFORD by ANTHONY HOPE. Chicago and New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

THE KING IN YELLOW by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. Chicago and New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN and Other Poems by ANNA OLCOTT COMMELIN. New York: Fowler and Wells Co.

THE CHAP-BOOK

SEMI-MONTHLY. SUBSCRIPTION : ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.
FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTION : ONE DOLLAR TWENTY-FIVE.
THE TRADE SUPPLIED BY THE AMERICAN NEWS COMP'Y
AND ITS BRANCHES. ADVERTISING RATES TO BE HAD ON
APPLICATION TO THE PUBLISHERS,

STONE & KIMBALL

THE CAXTON BUILDING : CHICAGO.

Entered at the Chicago Post Office as Second Class Matter.

¶ *The Publishers of the Chap-Book cannot furnish the first volume in any form. With the exception of the issue of November 1st, the numbers are entirely out of print.*

❧

¶ *The editors of the CHAP-BOOK will in no case be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts. Contributions must in all cases be accompanied by a stamped envelope; otherwise they will not be read or returned.*

❧

¶ *The next issue of the CHAP-BOOK will contain a title-page and index to the second volume in addition to contributions by Gilbert Parker, Maurice Thompson, Julian Hawthorne, Bliss Carman, Hugh McCulloch, Jr., and others.*

BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP



Excels any 25-cent Toilet Soap made, but is sold for **Ten Cents**

Read the Figures of its Forward Footsteps:

Total Number Cakes Sold, 1891	486,000
Total Number Cakes Sold, 1892	1,152,700
Total Number Cakes Sold, 1893	2,312,400
Total Number Cakes Sold, 1894	6,000,000

Made at the Largest Exclusive Toilet Soap Factory in the world; the latest improved machinery; the most skillful workmen; and, most important, only the best and purest material used.

For Sale Everywhere, at home and abroad. If your dealer does not keep it, send six 2-cent stamps for a full-size cake by mail.

COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO.

Salesrooms 185-187 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

IMPORTERS

OF

Books, Newspapers and Magazines.
Subscriptions Received for any Publication
in the World.

CHARLES MACDONALD & CO.

55 Washington St. - - - Chicago
Magazines, size of Harper's, bound for 60 cents.

Washburn



GUITARS
MANDOLINS
BANJOS
ZITHERS
—
Illustrated
Catalogue
FREE
—
LYON &
HEALY

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Received for all Newspapers and Magazines, wherever
published.

You will always find here the largest display of periodicals
and paper novels in the city. Inspection invited.

C. W. CURRY,

75 So. State Street, - - - CHICAGO.

Fine Printing...

The Came- Books, Pamphlets, Catalogues,
lot Press... and Programs, printed on the
best paper. Catton Building,
334 Dearborn Street, Chicago. Call or write for
estimates.

**BULLETIN OF NEW BOOKS
PUBLISHED BY STONE & KIMBALL.**

A LITTLE SISTER TO THE WILDERNESS

Fourth Thousand By Lillian Bell, author of "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid." 16mo. Cloth. \$1.25.

TWO WOMEN AND A FOOL

Fourth Thousand By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. With eight full page pictures by C. D. Gibson. 16mo. Crushed buckram. \$1.50.
The Story of an Actress, an Artist and a Very Sweet Girl. The scenes are laid in Chicago, London and Paris; in theatres, studios and bachelor apartments. It is the history of an infatuation—with moral interludes.

THE AMATEUR EMIGRANT

Fourth Thousand From the Clyde to Sandy Hook. By Robert Louis Stevenson. 16mo. \$1.25.
Mr. Stevenson's account of his journey to America—written nearly fifteen years ago and now first published in book form. His experiences as a second-cabin passenger, a description of his fellow-travellers, and his adventures on landing in New York. The book is charming in style, wittily attractive in narration, and unusually interesting in its novelty.

THE EBB-TIDE

Sixth Thousand A Trio and Quartette. 16mo. \$1.25.
London Times: "There is just enough of the coral reef and the palm grove, of cerulean sky and pellucid water, to indicate, rather than to present, local coloring. Yet when he dashes in a sketch it is done to perfection.... We see the scene vividly unrolled before us."

A SAWDUST DOLL

Third Thousand By Mrs. Regir 'd de Koven. 16mo. Crushed buckram. \$1.25. In the Peacock Library. A novel of society life in New York and Newport.

MAIN-TRAVELLED ROADS

Twelfth Thousand Six Stories of the Mississippi Valley. By Hamlin Garland. New edition, with an introduction by W. D. Howells. Illustrated. 16mo. 252 pages. Buckram. Price, \$1.25, net.

THE HOLY CROSS and Other Tales

Third Thousand By Eugene Field. With decorations by L. J. Rhead. 16mo. 192 pages. Cloth. Price, \$1.25, net.
The Critic: "In some of his more serious work Mr. Field reminds one of certain French writers of short stories,—of Coppee frequently, and sometimes even of Maupassant."

**BULLETIN OF NEW BOOKS
PUBLISHED BY STONE & KIMBALL.**

THE PLAYS OF MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Second
Edition

"Princess Maleine," "The Intruder," "The Blind," "The Seven Princesses." Translated by Richard Hovey, with an introductory essay on Symbolism, and cover design—"The Green Tree"—by Henry McCarter. Printed at the University Press on laid paper. 16mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.25, net. In the GREEN TREE LIBRARY.

VISTAS

Second
Edition

By William Sharp. Printed at the University Press on laid paper. 16mo., cloth. Price, \$1.25. In the GREEN TREE LIBRARY.

The Academy: "It would be superfluous to commend the high merit of such writing as this. And such as this, much else in the book also is. It is a book of rare excellence and real charm; a book to be read and re-read until the vistas beyond vistas which it contains have revealed their full beauty and significance."

LITTLE EYOLF

Second
Edition

A Drama in three acts, by Henrik Ibsen, translated by William Archer. In the GREEN TREE LIBRARY. 16mo. \$1.50 net.

IN RUSSET AND SILVER

Second
Edition

Poems by Edmund Gosse. Printed at the University Press on English laid paper. 16mo., \$1.25, net. Also 75 copies on large paper, numbered from 1 to 10 (Japanese Vellum), at \$6.00, and 11 to 75 English hand-made, at \$3.50.

"Mr. Gosse's literary workmanship (as befits a critic-poet) is unimpeachable; we do not think a careless or ill-turned line is to be found in his pages."—EDINBURGH REVIEW.

PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE:

New
Edition

Tales of the Far North. By Gilbert Parker. Printed at the University Press on laid paper. 18mo. 318 pages. Cloth. Price, \$1.25, net.

THE BUILDING OF THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

Third
Edition

A Romance. By Joaquin Miller. 16mo. Cloth. 192 pages. Price, \$1.50, net.

The Arena: "It is one of the most powerful prose poems of our times, and alone would give the author a permanent place in literature."

**BULLETIN OF NEW BOOKS
PUBLISHED BY STONE & KIMBALL.**

THE POEMS OF PAUL VERLAINE

Translated by Gertrude Hall. With pictures by Henry McCarter. Printed at the University Press on laid paper. 16mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.50 net.

Also 100 numbered copies on Imperial Japanese vellum, with artist's proofs of all the pictures. Small 4to. \$10.00 net. In the GREEN TREE LIBRARY.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY

His life and his work, with selections from his poems. By Louise Chandler Moulton. With a portrait from a drawing by August F. Jaccaci. Printed at the De Vinne Press on English laid paper. 450 copies. 18mo. Price \$1.25, net.

Also 60 numbered copies on Holland hand-made paper (only 50 being for sale) at \$3.50, net.

When Hearts Are Trumps.—Third Edition.

By Tom Hall. Verses. With title-page and decorations by Will H. Bradley. Printed at the University Press. 18mo. Gilt top, deckled edge. \$1.25, net.

The Robb's Island Wreck and Other Tales

By Lynn R. Meekins. 16mo. Cloth. \$1.00.

The Independent: "We commend it to the lovers of good fiction."

Hartford Courant: "A collection of exceptionally bright, well-told tales, enjoyable to read and pleasant to remember."

Crumbling Idols

By Hamlin Garland. Twelve Essays on Art, dealing chiefly with Literature, Painting and the Drama. Printed at the University Press. 16mo. \$1.25, net.

"A collection of some of Mr. Garland's essays, which attracted so much attention on their appearance in magazine form. They are on various topics, 'New Fields of Art,' 'The Future of Fiction,' 'The Drift of the Drama,' 'The Influence of Ibsen,' 'Impressionism in Painting,' 'Local Color in Fiction,' 'Literary Centres and Literary Masters,' and so forth."

Lincoln's Grave

A Poem by Maurice Thompson. With a title-page by George H. Hallowell. Printed at the University Press. 16mo. Price, \$1.00, net.

Indianapolis News: "If we are not mistaken a poem of permanent value was added to our literature when Mr. Thompson read these moving stanzas in Sanders' Theatre last summer. . . . His art is well-nigh perfect, and we are sure that the exalted patriotism of the poem will awake hearty response and acclaim wherever it may be read."

A Lover's Diary: Sonnets

By Gilbert Parker. With a frontispiece by Will H. Low. Printed at the De Vinne Press on antique paper. 18mo., 450 copies, \$1.25.

Boston Transcript: "The sonnet with which it closes is not only the finest of the book, but one of the finest given of late years to the reading world by any worker in English speech."

**BULLETIN OF NEW BOOKS
PUBLISHED BY STONE & KIMBALL.**

**VOLUME IV—THE WORKS OF
EDGAR ALLAN POE**

Edited by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN and GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY. Illustrated by ALBERT E. STERNER.
In ten volumes. Volumes I., II., III. and IV. now ready.
\$1.50 each, net.

New York Tribune: "At no time in the future is it probable that the labors of his present editors and publishers will be superseded."

New York Times: "Doubtless no other men in this country were better fitted for this arduous and delicate task than those who have, at length, undertaken it."

Chicago Herald: "A superb new edition of Edgar Poe's works."

Chicago Record: "For the lovers of Poe the new edition of his works . . . cannot fail to be a source of delight."

Cleveland Plaindealer: " . . . Is a model of good workmanship, literary and mechanical."

Chicago Post expresses "the keenest satisfaction at this new, beautiful and authoritative edition of his works."

ENGLISH CLASSICS

Edited by William Ernest Henley. The ordinary 'cheap edition' appears to have served its purpose; the public has found out the artist-printers, and is now ready for something better fashioned. This, then, is the moment for the issue of such a series as, while well within the reach of the average buyer, shall be at once an ornament to the shelf of him that owns, and a delight to the eye of him that reads.

The series will confine itself to no single period or department of literature. Poetry, fiction, drama, biography, autobiography, letters, essays—in all these fields is the material of many goodly volumes.

The books are printed by Messrs. Canstable, of Edinburgh, on laid paper, with deckle edges and bound in crushed buckram, crown 8vo, at \$1.25 a volume.

**The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy
By Laurence Sterne**

With an introduction by Charles Whibley, and a portrait. 2 vols.
\$2.50, net.

The Comedies of William Congreve

With an introduction by G. S. Street, and a portrait. 2 vols. \$2.50, net. (Now ready.)



Do you keep a Dog?
Send for Pamphlet (gratis)
on Diseases etc.
to **SPRATTS' PATENT**
(AM.) LTD.
241 E. 56 St. N.Y.



KANE'S PENNINGTON
HOT AIR ENGINE
Same power as on
Motor cycles
MARINE AND STATIONARY
4 HORSE POWER WEIGHS 50 LBS.
STAMPS FOR CATALOGUE
THOS. KANE & CO. - CHICAGO ILL.

*Is the best
too good
for you?*

IF NOT USE THE CHICAGO & EASTERN ILLINOIS R.R.
(EVANSVILLE ROUTE) FROM CHICAGO

TO **Florida**
and the South

CHICAGO TICKET OFFICES

230 CLARK STREET

AUDITORIUM ANNEX

AND DEARBORN STATION.

CHARLES L. STONE

GENL. PASSENGER AGENT

CHICAGO, ILL.

Illinois Central R. R.



Its "Chicago and New Orleans Limited," leaving Chicago daily, makes direct connection at New Orleans with trains for the

MEXICAN Gulf Coast Resorts

Of Mississippi, reaching Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Biloxi and Mississippi City before bedtime of the day after leaving Chicago. By its "New Orleans Limited," also, a new route from Sioux City and Chicago to Florida has been inaugurated, known as the

HOLLY SPRINGS Route to Florida

Via Holly Springs, Birmingham and Atlanta. But one change of Sleeping Car, and that on train en route. Through reservations to Jacksonville. The Illinois Central, in connection with the Southern Pacific, is also the ONLY TRUE WINTER ROUTE

To California

Via NEW ORLEANS

Through first-class Sleeping Car reservations, Chicago to San Francisco, in connection with the Southern Pacific's "Sunset Limited," every Tuesday night from Chicago. Through Tourist Sleeping Car from Chicago to Los Angeles, every Wednesday night.

Tickets and full information can be obtained of your Local Ticket Agent, or by addressing A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

First Edition, June, 1894.

Second Edition, January, 1895.

DUBLIN, IRELAND.

**HOMEWARD - -
SONGS BY - -
THE WAY. A. E.**

MR. THOMAS B. MOSHER is pleased to announce as now ready the first American edition (copyrighted) of HOMEWARD SONGS BY THE WAY. This edition contains fifteen poems not in either of the Dublin editions that are now published for the first time, by special arrangement with the author.

In size a small quarto, the book is choicely printed from a face of old style Roman type; bound in flexible Japan vellum, with original cover design and title page, wrapped and sealed in the style that Mr. Mosher has made a distinguishing feature of his publications.

The edition is as follows:

925 copies on Van Gelder's hand-made paper, deckle-edge, at \$1.00 net.

50 copies (numbered) on Japan vellum at \$2.50 net. (Only 15 unsold.)

ALL BOOKS SENT POSTPAID ON RECEIPT OF
NET PRICE.

THOMAS B. MOSHER,
PUBLISHER,

37 Exchange Street, Portland, Maine.

The Bibelot

A Reprint of Poetry
and Prose for Book
Lovers, chosen in part
from scarce editions and
sources not generally
known

Printed for Thomas B. Mosher
and Publish'd by him at 37 Ex-
change Street, Portland, Maine
Price 5 cents.....50 cents a year

THE BIBELOT is issued monthly, beautifully printed on white laid paper, uncut, old style blue wrapper, in size a small quarto, (5x6) 24 to 32 pages of text, and will be sent postpaid on receipt of subscription. Remit by check, P. O. order, bills or coin. Not stamps.

Numbers now ready.

January—Lyrics from William Blake.

February—Ballades from Villon.

March—Mediæval Student Songs.

April—A Discourse of Marcus Aurelius.

THOMAS B. MOSHER,

Please Mention THE CHAP-BOOK.

Portland, Maine.

A
Bouquet
of
Violets



VIOLETTE des INDES
PERFUME



JAS. S. KIRK & CO., U. S. A.
IMPORTERS

Sample bottle mailed post prepaid upon
receipt of 10 cents.

THE
Chap-Book
SEMI-MONTHLY

Contents for May 1, 1895.

SONNET HUGH McCULLOCH, JR.

SCENES IN THE VOSHTI HILLS

II—THE SINGING OF THE BEES, GILBERT PARKER
WERE-WOLF JULIAN HAWTHORNE

JOAQUIN MILLER AT HOME

DRAWING BY FRED. RICHARDSON

NUTS FROM PERIGORD

MAURICE THOMPSON

LITTLE LYRICS OF JOY—V

BLISS CARMAN

PORTRAIT OF C. U. P.

GARDNER C. TEALL

NOTES

BOOKS RECEIVED

ANNOUNCEMENTS

PRICE 5 CENTS

\$1.00 a YEAR

Published by
Stone & Kimball
Chicago

"When thou wast asleep, I rose from my bed, and in the dark I kissed the feet of—Him—on the little Calvary, and I did not speak, but in my heart I called."

"What did'st thou call, my child?"

"I called to my father,—'Come back! come back!'"

"Thou should'st have called to God, my Fanchon."

"I loved my father, and I called to him."

"Thou should'st love God."

"I knew my father first. If God loved thee, He would answer thy prayer. Dost thou not hear the cracking of the cedar trees, and the cry of the wolves—they are afraid? All day and all night the rain and wind come down, and the birds and wild fowl have no peace. I kissed—His feet, and my throat was full of tears, but I called in my heart. Yet the storm and the dark stay, and my father does not come."

"Let us be patient, my Fanchon."

"He went to guide the priest across the hills. Why does not God guide him back?"

"My Fanchon, let us be patient."

"The priest was young, and my father has grey hair."

"Wilt thou not be patient, my child?"

"He filled the knapsack of the priest with food better than his own, and—thou did'st not see it—put money in his hand."

"My own, the storm may pass."

"He told the priest to think upon our home as a little nest God set up here for such as he."

"There are places of shelter in the hills for thy father, my Fanchon."

"And when the priest prayed, 'That Thou may'st bring us safely to this place where we would go,' my father said so softly, '*We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord!*'"

"My Fanchon, thy father hath gone this trail many times."

"The prayer was for the out-trail, not the in-trail, my mother."

"Nay, I do not understand thee."

"A swarm of bees came singing through the room last night, my mother. It was dark and I could not see, but there was a sweet smell, and I heard the voices."

"My child, thou art tired with watching, and thy mind is full of fancies. Thou must sleep."

"I am tired of watching. Through the singing of the bees as they passed over my bed, I heard my father's voice. I could not hear the words, they seemed so far away, like the voices of the bees, and I did not cry out, for the tears were in my throat. After a moment the room was so still that it made my heart ache."

"Oh, my Fanchon, my child, thou dost break my heart! Dost thou not know the holy words?—

"And their souls do pass like singing bees, where no man may follow. These are they whom God gathereth out of the whirlwind and the desert, and bringeth home in a goodly swarm."

Night drew close to the earth, and as suddenly as a sluice-gate drops and holds back a flood, the storm ceased. Along the crest of the hills there slowly grew a line of light, and then the serene moon came up and on, persistent to give the earth love where it had had punishment. And divers flocks of clouds, camp-followers of the storm, could not abash her. But once she drew shrinking back behind a slow troop of them, for down at the bottom of a gorge lay a mountaineer, face upward and unmoving, as he had lain since a rock loosened beneath him, and the depths swallowed him. If he had had ears to hear, he would have answered the soft bitter cry which rose from a hut on Voshti Hill above him—

"Michel, Michel, art thou gone!"

"Come back, oh, my father, come back!"

But perhaps it did avail that there were lighted candles
before a little shrine, and that a mother, in her darkness,
kissed the feet of One on a Calvary.

GILBERT PARKER.

WERE-WOLF

RUNS the wind along the waste,
Run the clouds across the moon,
Ghastly shadows run in haste
From snowy dune to dune—
Blue shadows o'er the ghastly white
Spectral gleaming in the night.
But ghastlier, more spectral still,
What fearful thing speeds hither,
Running, running, running
Swifter than cloud or wind?
What omen of nameless ill,
Whence coming, speeding whither,
Running, running, running,
Leaves all save fear behind?

Leaning, leaning in the race,
Breath keen-drawn through nostrils tense,
Fell eyes in ruthless face,
What goblin of malevolence
Runs through the frozen night
In superhuman flight?
See it run, run, run,
Outstripping the shadows that fly!
Hear the fiend's heart beat, beat,
Beat, beat, beat in its breast!
Running, running, running on

Under the frozen sky,
Fleet, so fearfully fleet,
Pausing never to rest.
Clutched—what is clutched so tight
In its lean, cold hands as it speeds?
Something soft, something white,
Something human, that bleeds?
Is it an infant's curly head,
And innocent limbs, gnawed and red?
Fleeter and yet more fleet
It leans, leans and runs;
Dabbled with blood are its awful lips,
Grinning in horrible glee.
The wolves that follow with scurrying feet,
Sniffing that goblin scent, at once
Scatter in terror, while it slips
Away, to the shore of the frozen sea.

Away! is it man? is it woman,
On such dread meat to feed?
Away! is it beast? is it human?
Or is it a fiend indeed?
Fiend from human loins begotten,
Hell-inspired, God-Forgotten!
Now the midnight hour draws on:
Human form no fiend may keep
Or ever that mystic hour is told.
Lower, lower, lower it bends.
Midnight is come—is come and gone!
Down on all fours see it plunge and leap!
A human yell in a wolf's howl ends! * * *
What gaunt, grey thing gallops on o'er the wold?

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.



JOAQUIN MILLER AT HOME

DRAWING BY FRED. RICHARDSON

NUTS FROM PERIGORD.

IF you have ever read Joubert, and if you have not you had better go do it, you will remember what he says about a certain phosphor for one's eyes, a certain nectar for one's taste and a certain ambrosia for one's understanding in the words employed by the true poet. He might have turned a kindred thought, with the same beautiful spiral motion, around the diction of the true essayist, which must twinkle almost jocundly, yet be as firm as crystal and as fluent as a beck.

Joubert himself might have been a great essayist if he had not so annoyingly preferred doing nothing beyond serving up in broken doses dainty preparations of philosophy and criticism drawled with the indolent accent of a dilettanteism peculiarly French. I enjoy reading him along with Montaigne; it is much like eating a *sauce piquante* with rich old nut-kernels that have been long dried in a garret. They are both true Gascons and agreeably entertaining when others with their opportunities would, like Voltaire for example, be supercilious and full of treacheries.

And speaking of delectable nuts in connection with Montaigne, I suspect that the comparison first arose in my mind under a hickory tree on a grassy hill-side overlooking a long and wide blue sweep of the Ohio River. There was a stone fence near by, and beyond the water some purple mountains in Kentucky curved round a segment of the horizon like a mighty jaw set with teeth of amethyst. A July sun flared at the noon mark almost plumb overhead and I lay reading under the spreading boughs of a *carya* of the shell-bark species which had grown apart from other trees and spread out squat and sturdy in the freedom of isolation.

Against the bole of this tree there leaned a gray, barkless remnant of a fallen bough, a stout piece, weather-washed and pitted with tentative woodpecker borings. It happened to

be in my way as I lounged, so I pushed it ; and falling heavily it burst open, letting roll forth from a capacious hollow in it a half-gallon of hickory-nuts. Long ago, how many years would be mere conjecture, a squirrel had stored his gatherings there, probably before the bough fell off the tree, and the desiccated nuts now offered themselves to me.

A little girl was my companion at the time ; she was just of the age to appreciate such a find, especially when I had fetched two stones from the fence to serve as anvil and hammer, so that she could crack away while I went on with Montaigne. And now and again in the midst of the wise sayings and showers of quotations, a little brown hand put a sear kernel into my mouth. It was like chewing a tasteless shard at first ; but presently the sweet, and yet a trifle rancid, oil began to declare itself to my tongue. The hickory flavor and savor had not been lost by the drying process, but (concentrated and curiously strengthened) came out with a tang of age indescribably grateful.

This toothsomeness belongs I think to Montaigne's essays. The indestructibility, which manifests itself deep in their structure, seems to me primitively unctious and just a bit rank, altogether like what old nuts secrete at their best and release only when they must. Chip-like in the beginning, the characteristics are not foremost in their style ; but wait, read on, and before you know it you are imbued with a crude yet inimitable influence. This is style indeed, not diction, not rhetoric ; it is (to be French to a Frenchman) *l'homme même* without reserve.

Montaigne is light enough, keeps well out of reach of his subject when he cares to, chases butterflies just at the moment when you most desire that he shall take the bull by the horns, all to such purpose that he is delightfully entertaining ; sometimes you scarcely know how. Always, however, if you will think of it his phrases have the nutty quality which leaves in

your mind a taste of something cured by evaporation and preserved in its own essentials. Even his humor partakes of the slumbrous up-in-the-attic, out-of-fashion spirit which is fully understood by none but provincials. And Montaigne was out of fashion in his own day, as Joubert was in his, and Emerson in his. The curious inscriptions at the country seat of Montaigne, those on the trees where Joubert lingered and Emerson's jerky notes scratched down as the thoughts occurred and afterwards flung together to be called a lecture or essay, all have this in common; their gist is an elemental characteristic of genius working in isolation.

Emerson is the man of a single sentence, Joubert of the single paragraph, Montaigne of the essay; for you may cover up almost any space between punctuation marks on Emerson's page and read right past the obstruction as well as if it were not there; while Joubert holds you down to every word in one of his *pensées* and Montaigne button-holes you along from page to page until you stumble over the last phrase, not expecting the end.

The structure of the essay is what Montaigne intuitively understood. His manner of putting things together resulted in a careless symmetry which has the outlines of happy accident; it seems mere coincidence by chance when the parts fall together and fit so well. A good deal of downright pedantry and book-dust go long with the numerous quotations; but what critic will point out how to do without them? Bereft of these Montaigne's work would be like Deacon Snowball's "pretty little pearl-handled knife without the handle"; a large fascination would be gone from many a page; as well rob a clover field of its bees as to stop the humming of the Latin poets among the old essayist's nectaries.

When Joubert observed that "to write well calls for natural facility and acquired difficulty" he unwittingly sketched Montaigne's recipe. Verbal readiness and elasticity of

phrasing go for much in the essays; but the half-hidden artistic difficulty of construction is the richer element of their attractiveness. Hard work and conscientious cutting and fitting have made easy reading out of some very refractory material, and the rhythm of mere poetic fluency is obstructed always just in time to avoid the monotony of fine rhetoric.

Getting back to our hickory-nuts, the flavor of age in the essays is not an archaic effluence; but rather an exhalation of maturity universal in its appeal and merely condensed and enriched by time. Montaigne was forty-seven when he began to publish his writings; he had been in no sweat to see his name in print; the nuts gathered here and yonder had been wisely assorted, carefully sunned and securely stored, so that not one of them all could ever rot. Even the squirrels knew that he was right; green nuts will not keep. If I might moralize at this point, for a single breath, I should say that young essayists need not apply for credentials; it is the ripe mind, not the clever one, out of which really good essays fall like the best fruits—few and late. Your brisk youngling comes to his task with his mind full enough; but his output is sappy and rudimentary to a degree and soon perishes.

I found that the child cracking the old nuts did not care for them beyond the exercise of breaking their shells and feeding me with the wrinkled kernels; and to the average young person what can be dryer and less to the taste than one of Montaigne's best pages? A full-grown mind, a critical attitude and the elbow room of leisure, learning and worldly experience go into a good essay and the same are required to enjoy it.

There is an engaging country-house liberality in Montaigne's style which belongs to a provincial life. In the Southern homes I find his essays more frequently than in those of the North. This may be due in part to a wide sprinkling of French families; but I regard it as the result of

leisure and isolation, a sympathetic touch with Montaigne's spirit; for, in the Gulf states especially, a great majority of the educated people have always lived far from cities and have kept the horizon of the past clearly in view. They, for a wonder, have not written essays; but they have lived them in matchless style and enjoyed reading the oldest and best.

In the south-eastern corner of Tennessee, deep among the hills and many miles from railroad or town, I spent a while with a droll yet highly educated man who lived like a medieval baron. His castle, or chateau, call it what you may, was built of logs; but it was spacious, many roomed, with huge fire-places and high ceilings. A village of negro cabins straggled around it, and on both sides of a lovely little river lay the plantation two miles long. Well, there was Montaigne for you and a scholarly disciple to take care of him and give you fireside lectures on him.

It makes a difference; it is worth ten years of urban life to have a fortnight in an isolated and delightfully belated country house where there is an old-time library warmed as only a mammoth-jawed fire-place can do it, and where the host is unaware of any limits to hospitality. I remember one evening, my mountain lord was reading aloud to me; the doors were open; something hot was simmering by the fire; and in came three big shaggy dogs to keep us company. You have a perfect right to your own taste; yet to me that is the ideal way of enjoying Montaigne. The environment seems to give just that aerial illusion with which we can cheat three centuries out of their stealings.

If writing essays is a lost art, reading them, in the true light and atmosphere of a contented mind and an unambitious leisure, is also a forgotten luxury. We have critics to spare, humorists of every grade, sprightly conjurers, with the latest tricks of phrase and fancy at their quill-ends; but where is our essayist and who is his reader? Whose pen is it that

shall first once more take the ambling, digressive gait of a browsing goat straying along a fell, go in and out of a subject and all about through the neighborhood of it, as Montaigne's goose-feather did? The hand wielding that good old quill must not belong to a man who has "an appetite that could eat the solar system like a cake," as Emerson's fine exaggeration puts it; but rather to one careful of his diet and well content with what befalls "between the largest promise of ideal power and the shabby experience" of a retired and somewhat bourgeois existence.

The thin little French phrase, *fin de siècle*, expresses what we are living and what we are wearing out in the latest ways of telling; but the return to nature, which is the reversion to true art, and that only, can bring back the essay. Men are plenty who have a fine gift of formulating what they know; who since Montaigne has possessed the faculty, highest and rarest, of charming the world with what he did not know? *Que scai-je?*

MAURICE THOMPSON.

LITTLE LYRICS OF JOY—V



ORD of the vasty tent of heaven,
Who hast to thy saints and sages given
A thousand nights with their thousand stars,
And the star of faith for a thousand years,

Grant me only a foolish rover,
All thy beautiful wide world over,
A thousand loves in a thousand days,
And one great love for a thousand years.

BLISS CARMAN.



Charlotte Lorday



PORTRAIT OF C. U. P.

GARDNER C. TEALL.

NOTES

RECENT newspapers have brought the information that the authorities of the British Museum have withdrawn from circulation all books written by Mr. Oscar Wilde. For this performance there has been applause on all sides. It has been hailed as a most righteous judgment and a noble act of justice. Preachers have approved, moralists have commended, the Prevention of Vice people have been loud in their praises and now the critics also come in with their cheers. For most of these there is the old excuse of utter and growling ignorance and on that score one must—we suppose—forgive them. In the present instance, however, it is cowardly and small. They have struck a man when he is down. They have kicked a body when life was nearly gone and they found pleasure in doing it—they—the erudite, the honest, the just critics.

As to certain criminal proceedings not long past, fortunately there can be but one opinion. But that Mr. Wilde may be guilty of all immoralities conceivable and inconceivable is neither here nor there. It is not the man but his work of which there is question. And sad precedent—in the lives of Poe and Byron and Shelley—has lead us to see the necessity of disassociating a man from his work. In truth much of Mr. Wilde's writing is immoral. The evidence of immorality is not to be found in the records of any court of justice, however, but in the books themselves. "The Picture of Dorian Grey," "The Sphinx," and "Salome" are bad books. If the curators of the British Museum have failed in time past to see this it adds only to a belief in their stupidity. On the other hand the "Poems," "The House of Pomegranates," "The Happy Prince and Other Tales" are pure and charming. No man in our generation has

written better fairy tales. These also the authorities have withdrawn from circulation.

If there ever was in any of Mr. Wilde's writings literary merit and beauty, which may perhaps originally have lead the Museum to purchase the works, the same merit and beauty still exist and will continue to exist. Once and for all, a book printed and given to the public has a life wholly its own and independent of the fortunes of its author. Even should we discover that Shakspeare himself had committed sins against a dozen decalogues, it would not alter by one hair's breadth the wonder of his poetry. This is a far cry, but the question is one of principle and justice and not of the values at stake. The performance of the curators of the British Museum is an act of bigoted and blind fury. It is narrow-minded and indiscriminating. One must protest.

¶ One may dispense with gifts rather than with generosity.

¶ An admirer of William Watson asked, at a circulating library, in the suburbs of London, for "The Eloping Angels." "We haven't it in, just now," was the librarian's answer; "but we have the sequel to it, 'The Heavenly Twins.'"

¶ It is not the savage alone who seems to think a wound to the spirit can be redressed by a blow on the body.

¶ I have been reading George Moore's "Confessions of a Young Man." They lack the genuineness that makes the "Confessions" of Jean Jacques Rousseau shamefully immortal. Mr. Moore chooses to pose as a night-owl, dissipated and unscrupulous; while, in point of fact, he is a hard-working and very pains-taking author, and leads a quiet and fairly exemplary life.

In his "Confessions" Mr. Moore has a good deal to say about his contemporaries. He calls such plays as "In the Ranks," and "Harbour Lights," "sinks of literary infamy." He speaks of our own Howells as "a sort of Ashby Sterry, done into very neat prose." "Henry James," he says, "went to France and read Turgenieff. W. D. Howells staid at home and read Henry James."

He declares that he knows no book more tedious than "The Tragic Commedians;" and he thinks that "Mr. George Meredith's conception of life is crooked, ill-balanced, and out of tune."

Mr. Thomas Hardy's writings, he declares, "read like a report—a conscientious, well-done report, executed by a thoroughly efficient writer, sent down by one of the daily papers." He maintains that "Rider Haggard's literary atrocities are more atrocious than the slaughters he describes." In short, he hits out right and left at the living, and keeps all his praises—like funeral wreaths—for the dead.

¶ A man is known by the provincialisms he keeps.

¶ One thing has especially interested me, and that is to discover by how long time M. Stéphane Mallarmé antedated Maeterlinck in certain effects of what I can only call accentuated repetition. For instance, in one of Mallarmé's prose-poems, called "Forgotten Pages," a man is talking to the woman he loves. At the end of the first paragraph he says, (thus beginning the symbolic refrain,)—"Singular shadows hang about the worn-out panes." At the end of the second paragraph, the refrain gathers emphasis—"I see the spiders' webs above the lofty windows." At the end of the third—"Dream not of the spiders' webs that tremble above the lofty windows." And at the end of the impressionist sketch, we read—"Thou art abstracted. The spiders'

webs are shivering above the lofty windows." This prose-poem, by Mallarmé, was written many a year ago. It was one of the earliest *départures* in the New Symbolism.

¶ Talking of Symbolism, Mrs. Fiske-Warren, of Boston, has a brief drama, in two scenes, in the French "*Mercure*," for December, 1894—which is mystical enough for Maeterlinck himself, and exquisite enough to add to her various successes. It is entitled "*Un Jardin*," and, in this Garden, fair maidens plant the red roses of love and life, and gather, at last, the passion-flowers of suffering and triumph.

¶ No man is a hero to his valet, and perhaps no poet to his baker. Witness an anecdote I have just heard of Swinburne. He lives at Putney; and almost every day he walks a few miles to Wimbledon, and goes to a cake shop there, where he buys cakes to give to a little group of poor children, who have learned to look forward to this frequent treat. Some one, who knew the poet by sight, said to the shop-keeper—"Do you know who this gentleman who buys so many cakes of you is?"

"Oh, he's a poor gentleman who isn't quite right in his head. He's always buying cakes for the children."

¶ The last volume of poems, by Lewis Morris—"Songs Without Notes"—did not receive from the London press quite the amount of attention to which the author thought it was entitled. Rumor says that one day Mr. Morris met a Late Wit, and took occasion to confide to him his discontent. "I suppose they think if they say much about the book it will lead to more talk about me for Poet Laureate," said the author of "The Epic of Hades," in a tone of self-pity—"but, really, it is not fair. It is an actual Conspiracy of Silence. What would you do about it?" "Join it," was the reply, "my dear fellow, join it."

¶ Sad as are the vagaries of the artistic and degenerate impulse, described and annihilated by the imperial Nordau, there is another manifestation—unmentioned by him—which is infinitely sadder. It is the madness of verse-writing which seizes on respectable women, domestic, elderly, with a tendency towards families and corpulency. From all over the country springs a yearly increasing flood of tuneful inanities, guiltless of form or meaning. The energy expended is tremendous and—to what end? Dear women they are; good women, and the lawful prey of Mr. Charles Wells Moulton and his “Magazine of Poetry.” There their pitiful maunderings appear and their portraits—reproduced in half-tone. The combination is of tragic import. It defies the very laws of evolution. The unfittest intend to survive with the help of Mr. Moulton’s magazine and the volumes issuing from the press of the Sons of Putnam. The light of mediocrity is not hid under a bushel, but shines far and clear, and some luckless wayfarers may come to be guided by it. Beware!

¶ The critic’s motto seems to be—Let the heavens fall, though justice be done.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

EVE’S RANSOM: By GEORGE GISSING. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE WAYS OF YALE: By HENRY A. BEERS. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE SILENCE OF THE MAHARAJAH: By MARIE CORELLI. The Merriam Co.

A COUNTRY SWEETHEART: By DORA RUSSELL. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

THE CHAP-BOOK

SEMI-MONTHLY. SUBSCRIPTION : ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.
FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTION : ONE DOLLAR TWENTY-FIVE.
THE TRADE SUPPLIED BY THE AMERICAN NEWS COMP'Y
AND ITS BRANCHES. ADVERTISING RATES TO BE HAD ON
APPLICATION TO THE PUBLISHERS,

STONE & KIMBALL

THE CAXTON BUILDING : CHICAGO.

Entered at the Chicago Post Office as Second Class Matter.

¶ *The Publishers of the Chap-Book cannot furnish the first volume in any form. With the exception of the issue of November 1st, the numbers are entirely out of print.*

❧

¶ *The editors of the CHAP-BOOK will in no case be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts. Contributions must in all cases be accompanied by a stamped envelope; otherwise they will not be read or returned.*

❧

¶ *The next issue of the CHAP-BOOK will contain an article on Chap-Books by John Ashton, and contributions by A. T. Quiller-Couch, Louise Candler Moulton, Bliss Carman, F. Valloton, C. F. Bragdon, and others. It will be the first number of the third volume, and the beginning of the CHAP-BOOK'S second year.*

Second year
begins with the
next issue



THE CHAP-BOOK CHICAGO



AVERAGE CIRCULATION FOR THREE
MONTHS, 12,206.

Advertisers may have access to our subscription list
and circulation accounts at any time.

Rate-cards on application.

IMPORTERS

OF

Books, Newspapers and Magazines.
Subscriptions Received for any Publication
in the World.

CHARLES MACDONALD & CO.

55 Washington St.

Chicago

Magazines, size of Harper's, bound for 60 cents.



Fine Printing...

The Camelot Press... Books, Pamphlets, Catalogues,
and Programs, printed on the
best paper. 840 Carlton Build-
ing, 334 Dearborn Street, Chicago. Telephone,
Harrison 311,

**BULLETIN OF NEW BOOKS
PUBLISHED BY STONE & KIMBALL.**

**VOLUME IV—THE WORKS OF
EDGAR ALLAN POE**

Edited by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN and GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY. Illustrated by ALBERT E. STERNER. In ten volumes. Volumes I., II., III. and IV. now ready. \$1.50 each, net.

New York Tribune: "At no time in the future is it probable that the labors of his present editors and publishers will be superseded."

New York Times: "Doubtless no other men in this country were better fitted for this arduous and delicate task than those who have, at length, undertaken it."

Chicago Herald: "A superb new edition of Edgar Poe's works."

Chicago Record: "For the lovers of Poe the new edition of his works cannot fail to be a source of delight."

Cleveland Plaindealer: ".... Is a model of good workmanship, literary and mechanical."

Chicago Post expresses "the keenest satisfaction at this new, beautiful and authoritative edition of his works."

ENGLISH CLASSICS

Edited by William Ernest Henley. The ordinary 'cheap edition' appears to have served its purpose; the public has found out the artist-printers, and is now ready for something better fashioned. This, then, is the moment for the issue of such a series as, while well within the reach of the average buyer, shall be at once an ornament to the shelf of him that owns, and a delight to the eye of him that reads.

The series will confine itself to no single period or department of literature. Poetry, fiction, drama, biography, autobiography, letters, essays—in all these fields is the material of many goodly volumes.

The books are printed by Messrs. Constable, of Edinburgh, on laid paper, with deckle edges and bound in crushed buckram, crown 8vo, at \$1.25 a volume.

**The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy
By Laurence Sterne**

With an introduction by Charles Whibley, and a portrait. 2 vols. \$2.50, net.

The Comedies of William Congreve

With an introduction by G. S. Street, and a portrait. 2 vols. \$2.50, net. (Now ready.)

BULLETIN OF NEW BOOKS
PUBLISHED BY STONE & KIMBALL.

New Fiction

A NEW ROMANCE BY GILBERT PARKER

When Valmond Came to Pontiac

The Story of a Lost Napoleon

By GILBERT PARKER

16mo. \$1.50. Nearly ready.

A Little Sister to the Wilderness

By the Author of "THE LOVE AFFAIRS
OF AN OLD MAID." \$1.25

Two Women and a Fool

By H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

With eight pictures by C. D. GIBSON. \$1.50.

A Sawdust Doll

By MRS. REGINALD DE KOVEN. \$1.25

Vistas

By WILLIAM SHARP. \$1.25

A June Romance

By NORMAN GALE. \$1.00

**BULLETIN OF NEW BOOKS
PUBLISHED BY STONE & KIMBALL.**

THE POEMS OF PAUL VERLAINE

Translated by Gertrude Hall. With pictures by Henry McCarter. Printed at the University Press on laid paper. 16mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.50 net.

Also 100 numbered copies on Imperial Japanese vellum, with artist's proofs of all the pictures. Small 4to. \$10.00 net. In the GREEN TREE LIBRARY.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY

His life and his work, with selections from his poems. By Louise Chandler Moulton. With a portrait from a drawing by August F. Jaccaci. Printed at the De Vinne Press on English laid paper. 450 copies. 18mo. Price \$1.25, net.

Also 60 numbered copies on Holland hand-made paper (only 50 being for sale) at \$3.50, net.

When Hearts Are Trumps.—Third Edition.

By Tom Hall. Verses. With title-page and decorations by Will H. Bradley. Printed at the University Press. 18mo. Gilt top, deckled edge. \$1.25, net.

The Robb's Island Wreck and Other Tales

By Lynn R. Meekins. 16mo. Cloth. \$1.00, net.

The Independent: "We commend it to the lovers of good fiction."

Hartford Courant: "A collection of exceptionally bright, well-told tales, enjoyable to read and pleasant to remember."

Crumbling Idols

By Hamlin Garland. Twelve Essays on Art, dealing chiefly with Literature, Painting and the Drama. Printed at the University Press. 16mo. \$1.25, net.

"A collection of some of Mr. Garland's essays, which attracted so much attention on their appearance in magazine form. They are on various topics, 'New Fields of Art,' 'The Future of Fiction,' 'The Drift of the Drama,' 'The Influence of Ibsen,' 'Impressionism in Painting,' 'Local Color in Fiction,' 'Literary Centres and Literary Masters,' and so forth."

Lincoln's Grave

A Poem by Maurice Thompson. With a title-page by George H. Hallowell. Printed at the University Press. 16mo. Price, \$1.00, net.

Indianapolis News: "If we are not mistaken a poem of permanent value was added to our literature when Mr. Thompson read these moving stanzas in Sanders' Theatre last summer. . . . His art is well-nigh perfect, and we are sure that the exalted patriotism of the poem will awake hearty response and acclaim wherever it may be read."

A Lover's Diary: Sonnets

By Gilbert Parker. With a frontispiece by Will H. Low. Printed at the De Vinne Press on antique paper. 18mo., 450 copies, \$1.25, net.

Boston Transcript: "The sonnet with which it closes is not only the finest of the book, but one of the finest given of late years to the reading world by any worker in English speech."

**BULLETIN OF NEW BOOKS
PUBLISHED BY STONE & KIMBALL.**

PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE :

New Edition **Tales of the Far North.** By Gilbert Parker. Printed at the University Press on laid paper. 18mo. 318 pages. Cloth. Price, \$1.25, net.

THE BUILDING OF THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

Thrd Edition **A Romance.** By Joaquin Miller. 16mo. Cloth. 192 pages. Price, \$1.50, net.
The Arena: "It is one of the most powerful prose poems of our times, and alone would give the author a permanent place in literature."

THE AMATEUR EMIGRANT

Fourth Thousand **From the Clyde to Sandy Hook.** By Robert Louis Stevenson. 16mo. \$1.25.
Mr. Stevenson's account of his journey to America—written nearly fifteen years ago and now first published in book form. His experiences as a second-cabin passenger, a description of his fellow-travellers, and his adventures on landing in New York. The book is charming in style, wittily attractive in narration, and unusually interesting in its novelty.

THE EBB-TIDE

Sixth Thousand **A Trio and Quartette.** 16mo. \$1.25.
London Times: "There is just enough of the coral reef and the palm grove, of cerulean sky and pellucid water, to indicate, rather than to present, local coloring. Yet when he dashes in a sketch it is done to perfection.... We see the scene vividly unrolled before us."

LITTLE EYOLF

Second Edition **A Drama in three acts, by Henrik Ibsen, translated by William Archer.** In the GREEN TREE LIBRARY. 16mo. \$1.50 net.

MAIN-TRAVELLED ROADS

Twelfth Thousand **Six Stories of the Mississippi Valley.** By Hamlin Garland. New edition, with an introduction by W. D. Howells. Illustrated. 16mo. 252 pages. Buckram. Price, \$1.25, net.

THE HOLY CROSS and Other Tales

Third Thousand **By Eugene Field.** With decorations by L. J. Rhead. 16mo. 192 pages. Cloth. Price, \$1.25, net.
The Critic: "In some of his more serious work Mr. Field reminds one of certain French writers of short stories,—of Coppée frequently, and sometimes even of Maupassant."

Harper & Brothers, New Books

The Life of Samuel J. Tilden

By JOHN BIGELOW, author of "Life of Benjamin Franklin," "France and the Confederate Navy," editor of "Writings and Speeches of Samuel J. Tilden," etc. With Portraits and Illustrations. Two Volumes. 8vo, cloth, uncut edges and gilt tops, \$6.00

Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, author of "Three Weeks in Politics," "Coffee and Repartee," "The Water Ghost," etc. Illustrated by H. W. McVickar. 16mo, cloth, ornamental, \$1.25.

The Princess Aline

A Story. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, author of "Van Bibber, and Others," "The Exiles, and Other Stories," etc. Illustrated by C. D. Gibson. Post 8vo, cloth, ornamental, \$1.25.

Completion of Green's Short History.—Illustrated

A Short History of the English People. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN. Edited by Mrs. J. R. Green and Miss Kate Norgate. In four Volumes. With colored plates, maps, and numerous illustrations. Royal 8vo, illuminated cloth, uncut edges and gilt tops, \$5.00 per volume.

Beyond the Dreams of Avarice

A Novel. By WALTER BESANT, author of "The Rebel Queen," "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," etc. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, ornamental, \$1.50.

The Idiot

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, author of "Coffee and Repartee," "Three Weeks in Politics," etc. Illustrated. 16mo, cloth, ornamental, \$1.00.

The Helpful Science

By ST. GEORGE MIVART. Post 8vo, cloth, \$1.25.

Men Born Equal

A novel. By HARRY PERRY ROBINSON. Post 8vo, cloth, ornamental, \$1.25.

Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem

By LAURENCE HUTTON. Illustrated by F. V. DuMond. Post 8vo, cloth, ornamental, 75 cts.

Four American Universities

Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia. With many illustrations. 4to, cloth, ornamental, uncut edges and gilt top, \$3.50.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

 *The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada or Mexico, on receipt of the price.*

THE Publishers of the CHAP-BOOK announce that by arrangement with Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, the publishers of THE BOOKMAN, they can offer THE BOOKMAN and the CHAP-BOOK together for one year, at \$2.00. This offer is open for the month of May.

The Chap-Book, \$1. The Bookman, \$1.50

AMERICAN POSTERS

Chap-Book Posters by Will H. Bradley

No I. The Twins	- - - -	\$1.00
No. II. The Blue Lady	- - - -	50 cents
No. III. The Poet and His Lady	- - - -	50 cents
When Hearts Are Trumps, by Will H. Bradley	- - - -	50 cents
The Green Tree Library, by Henry McCarter	- - - -	50 cents
Two Women and a Fool, by C. D. Gibson	- - - -	\$1.00

Plays

By John Davidson. An Unhistorical Pastoral; a Romantic Farce; Bruce, a Chronicle Play; Smith, a Tragic Farce; Scaramouch in Naxos, a Pantomime. With a frontispiece and cover design by Aubrey Beardsley. Printed at the Ballantyne Press, London. Small 4to. \$2.00.

Beyond all doubt, there is the true stuff in Mr. John Davidson. He is a strong man of the younger generation of poets—of the generation, that is to say, which is junior not only to Mr. Swinburne but to Mr. Henley. An abundant vigor, a lusty vitality, is the mark of all his work. He does not versify for the sake of versifying, but because his intensity of feeling seeks an outlet in the most vehement and concentrated form of expression. —London Chronicle.

Whoever reads "Scaramouch in Naxos" should have little difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that Mr. John Davidson is a poet of many rare gifts. In a word, Mr. Davidson seems to have in his fingers that "natural magic" which Matthew Arnold was perhaps the first of our critics to point out as a special heritage of the Celt. The magic plays in and out through these whimsical pieces, in humor, wit, satire, poetry, with an elusive grace which reminds us of that truly Celtic image in the "Mabinogion."—The Speaker.

STONE & KIMBALL.

First Edition, June, 1894.

Second Edition, January, 1895.

DUBLIN, IRELAND.

**HOMEWARD - -
SONGS BY - -
THE WAY. A. E.**

MR. THOMAS B. MOSHER is pleased to announce as now ready the first American edition (copyrighted) of HOMEWARD SONGS BY THE WAY. This edition contains fifteen poems not in either of the Dublin editions that are now published for the first time, by special arrangement with the author.

In size a small quarto, the book is choicely printed from a face of old style Roman type; bound in flexible Japan vellum, with original cover design and title page, wrapped and sealed in the style that Mr. Mosher has made a distinguishing feature of his publications.

The edition is as follows:

925 copies on Van Gelder's hand-made paper, deckle-edge, at \$1.00 net.

50 copies (numbered) on Japan vellum at \$2.50 net. (5 only remain.)

ALL BOOKS SENT POSTPAID ON RECEIPT OF
NET PRICE.

THOMAS B. MOSHER,
PUBLISHER,
37 Exchange Street, Portland, Maine.

The Bibelot

A Reprint of Poetry
and Prose for Book
Lovers, chosen in part
from scarce editions and
sources not generally
known

Printed for Thomas B. Mosher,
and Publish'd by him at 37 Ex-
change Street, Portland, Maine
Price 5 cents.....50 cents a year

THE BIBELOT is issued monthly, beautifully printed on white laid paper, uncut, old style blue wrapper, in size a small quarto, (5x6) 24 to 32 pages of text, and will be sent postpaid on receipt of subscription. Remit by check, P. O. order, bills or coin. Not stamps. Numbers now ready.

January—Lyrics from William Blake. February—Ballades from Villon. March—Mediæval Student Songs. April—A Discourse of Marcus Aurelius. May—Fragments from Sappho.

THOMAS B. MOSHER,

Please Mention THE CHAP-BOOK,

Portland, Maine.

A
Bouquet
of
Violets



VIOLETTE des INDES
PERFUME



JAS. S. KIRK & CO., U. S. A.
IMPORTERS

Sample bottle mailed post prepaid upon
receipt of 10 cents.

SI
HAB

THE
Chap-Book
SEMI-MONTHLY

INDEX TO VOLUME II

FROM NOV. 15 TO MAY 1

MDCCCCXIV-V

Published by
Stone & Kimball
Chicago

INDEX TO VOLUME II.
FROM NOVEMBER 15 TO MAY 1
MDCCCXCIV-V

POETRY

BARCANS, SLIM	PAGE
TO A PORTRAIT OF A WESTERN POET	320
BONER, JOHN H.	
ON A PORTRAIT OF POE	3
BROWN, ALICE	
AT VIGILS	181
BURTON, RICHARD,	
FROM THE GRASS	254
CALDWELL, ELEANOR B.	
CREATION	72
CARMAN, BLISS	
THE NIGHT WASHERS	62
LITTLE LYRICS OF JOY	331, 375, 404, 435, 478
CAWEIN, MADISON	
THE WINTER MOON	274
CHILDE, RHETA LOUISE	
ENDYMION, TRANSLATED FROM STANISLAS DE GUAITA	399
DE GUAITA, STANISLAS	
ENDYMION, TRANSLATED BY RHETA LOUISE CHILDE	399
DOLE, NATHAN HASKELL	
LARKS AND NIGHTINGALES	12
FIELD, EUGENE	
BOCCACCIO	124
GUINEY, LOUISE IMOGEN	
THE SEARCH	26

HAWTHORNE, JULIAN	PAGE
WERE-WOLF	470
HEREWARD, L.	
RONDEL	55
HOVEY, RICHARD	
HERODIAS, TRANSLATED FROM STÈPHANE MAL- LARMÉ	177
KIMBALL, HANNAH PARKER	
THE CROP	221
LAMPMAN, ARCHIBALD	
INTER VIAS	209
LUMMIS, CHARLES F.	
PRECEDENCE	441
MACY, ARTHUR	
A POET'S LESSON	340
MALLARMÉ, STEPHANE	
LES LOISIRS DE LA POSTE	111
HERODIAS TRANSLATED BY RICHARD HOVEY	177
McCULLOCH, JR., HUGH	
SONNET	467
MOULTON, LOUISE CHANDLER	
WHERE THE NIGHT'S PALE ROSES BLOW	171
OSBORNE, DUFFIELD	
DEFIANCE	413
ROBERTS, CHARLES G. D.	
ORIGINS	172
SCOTT, MARY McNEIL	
FLYING FISH	367
SHARP, WILLIAM	
DEDICA	216

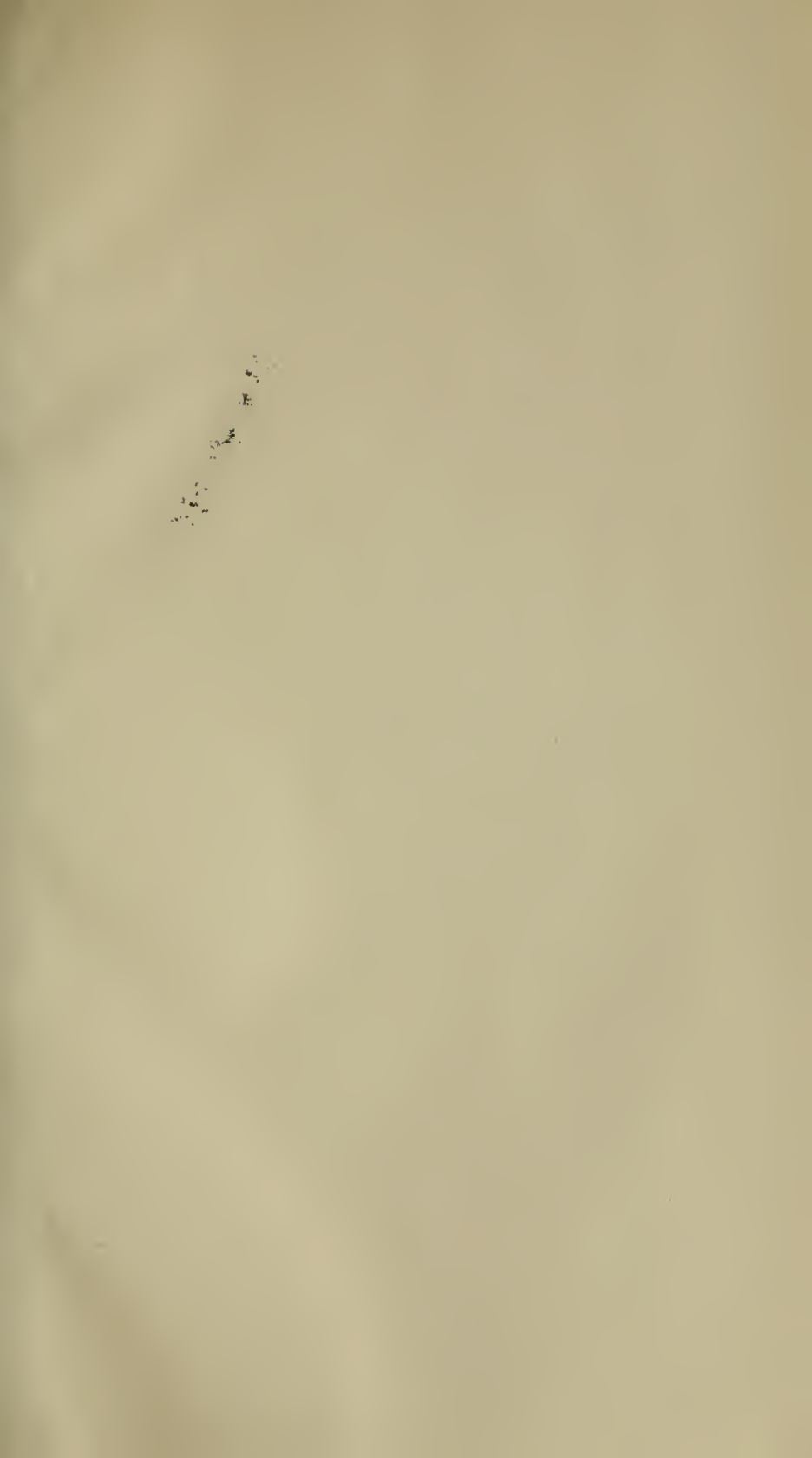
TAYLOR, J. RUSSELL	PAGE
ABDIEL	301
IN THE ORCHARD	445
WRATISLAW, THEODORE	
EROS D'AUTE	291
PROSE	
BATES, KATHARINE	
AN IMPASSABLE GULF	126
DEAD AGIN' FITTIN'	343
BOYESEN, H. H.	
IBSEN'S NEW PLAY	247
BROOKS, JENNIE	
—S PILLS	216
CALDWELL, ELEANOR B.	
TRANSMIGRATION	302
CARMAN, BLISS	
CONTEMPORARIES IV. LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY	27
“ V. CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS	163
CHAFFEE, FRANK	
MIS' SMITH	174
FITCH, CLYDE	
A DUOLOGUE	254
GARLAND, HAMLIN	
THE LAND OF THE STRADDLE-BUG	5, 73, 134, 182, 223 261, 304
GATES, LEWIS E.	
MR. MEREDITH AND HIS AMINTA	13
GOSSE, EDMUND	
THE POPULARITY OF POETRY	435
GRAHAME, KENNETH	
THE SECRET DRAWER	208

LELAND, ANTHONY	PAGE
A WOMAN'S LIFE	374
LUMMIS, DOROTHEA	
FABLES	371
MABIE, HAMILTON WRIGHT	
A COMMENT ON SOME RECENT BOOKS	367
MOULTON, LOUISE CHANDLER	
THE MAN WHO DARES	291
NOTES	37, 77, 189, 230, 348, 383, 416, 445, 480
PARKER, GILBERT	
SCENES IN THE VOSHTI HILLS	
I. THE GOLDEN PIPES	399
II. THE SINGING OF THE BEES	467
PEATTIE, ELIA W.	
THE MYSTERY	441
REED, HELEN LEAH	
THE MANXMAN	116
STONE, HERBERT STUART	
MR. BRADLEY'S DRAWINGS	65
SCANDAL CLUB	272
SIMPSON, EVE BLANTYRE	
R. L. S.—SOME EDINBURGH NOTES	331
THOMPSON, MAURICE	
NUTS FROM PERIGORD	473
WALLACE, ELIZABETH	
IN THE LAND OF REVOLUTIONS	404
ZANGWILL, I.	
THE ABOLITION OF MONEY	64

PRINTS

PORTRAITS

	PAGE
LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY	No. i.
CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS	No. iv.
EUGENE FIELD	275
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON	332
STEVENSON'S FATHER	337
PAUL VERLAINE	373
BRADLEY, WILL H.	55, 56, 58, 59, 60, 61, 233, 342
BRAGDON, CLAUDE FAYETTE	115, 180, 449
CAZALS, F. A.	373
HAZENPLUG, FRANK	215
GIBSON, CHARLES DANA	414, 415
RAFFAELLI, J. F.	449
RICHARDSON, FRED.	332, 337, 472
SEON, ALEXANDRE	384
SLOAN, JOHN	2, 25, 38, 39
TEALL, GARDNER C.	479
VALLOTTON, F.	123
WATSON, DAWSON	133, 222, 309





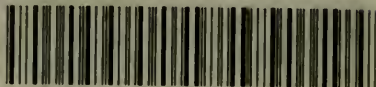
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA

051CHAB

C002

THE CHAP BOOK CHGO

2:2,8,11-12 1894



3 0112 025258309